

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

JAN 5 1942

Country Life

On Sale Friday

NOVEMBER 28, 1941

ONE SHILLING & THREEPENCE



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HOTELS AND GUESTS AND FLATS AND CHAMBERS

Advertisements under this heading will be found on the CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES feature on page 990.

Country Life

VOL. XC. No. 2341.

NOVEMBER 28, 1941.

Published Friday, Price ONE SHILLING & THREEPENCE.

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billiards room,
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rooms,
5 bathrooms.



Central heating.
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Ample water supply.
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8 Cottages and Farmhouse.

Well-timbered
PLEASURE GROUNDS

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A PICTURESQUE OLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE

COMPLETELY MODERNISED AND BEAUTIFULLY FITTED.
HALL, GENT'S CLOAKROOM, 2 RECEPTION ROOMS, 3 BEDROOMS (5 BEDS),
BATHROOM.

GAS. TELEPHONE.

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Garage for 4 cars.
Electric light. Central heating. Cottage.
Meadowland.
In all nearly

NORTH MIDLANDS

THIS BEAUTIFUL UNTONCHED ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE

Rich in original paneling and with fine old oak staircase.

Entrance hall and 3 reception rooms; about a dozen bedrooms.

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Fine set of farmbuildings to accommodate nearly 100 head of stock.

Cottages together with



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OWNER WOULD STAY ON AS TENANT IF DESIRED

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WELL PLANNED COUNTRY HOUSE

IN PARKLIKE MEADOWLAND OF 6 ACRES

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DOUBLE GARAGE. STABLING. COTTAGE.
(Another cottage if wanted.)

Electric light. Central heating. Walled kitchen garden. Tennis lawn.

£6,500 with 1 cottage and 6 acres,

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(3 lines).

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10 Bedrooms, 4 Bathrooms, 4 Reception Rooms.

Electric Light, Central Heating, etc. Garage for 2 cars.

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TO BE LET FURNISHED AT A LOW RENT

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At the top of a Hill



A MODERN HOUSE

8 Bedrooms, 2 Dressing Rooms, 3 Bathrooms, 3 Reception Rooms.
Main Services, Central Heating. 2 Garages. Cottage.

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KITCHEN GARDEN, ETC.

IN ALL 2½ ACRES

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A LATE XVIIth CENTURY HOUSE

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400ft. above sea. Good views.



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8 principal bedrooms (2 complete suites), 6 bathrooms, staff bedrooms, 4 reception rooms (one is 40 ft. long); every modern requirement; fitted basins; central heating in all rooms; garage and rooms for chauffeur.

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Main Line Station 3 Miles.

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Central heating. Companies' electric light and water. Telephone. Modern drainage. Stabling for 7. Garage for 6 cars. Pair of cottages, each containing 4 rooms.

THE GARDENS are delightfully laid out and include lawns, flower and kitchen gardens, orchard and grassland.

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(39,345.)



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With magnificent views of the Wye Valley.

Occupying a fine position about 200 ft. above sea-level.

A RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY OF ABOUT 112 ACRES

The Residence, built of local red sandstone with tiled roof, has recently been modernised, and is approached by a drive.

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THIS LAND IS PRINCIPALLY RICH PASTURE, WITH SOME FIRST-CLASS ARABLE, A LARGE PRODUCTIVE ORCHARD IN FULL BEARING AND GOOD OAK WOODLAND.

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Occupying a nice situation about 300ft. up with beautiful views.

THE BRICK AND SLATED RESIDENCE IS APPROACHED BY A DRIVE OF ABOUT A QUARTER-OF-A-MILE IN LENGTH WITH A LODGE (4 rooms) AT ENTRANCE

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A LOVELY OLD HOUSE
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MANY CHARACTERISTICS.
TASTEFULLY APPOINTED. FIRST
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CHARMING MODERN HOUSE

In the COTSWOLD FARMHOUSE STYLE, BUILT
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Excellent return from Agricultural portion.

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Hall, 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, bathroom.

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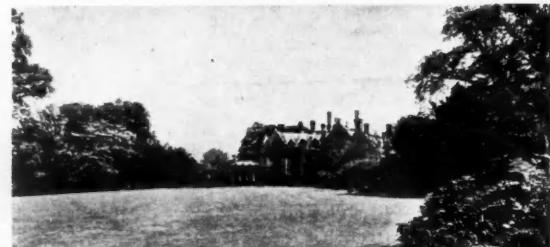
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of architectural merit, and with historical and literary associations made famous by Thomas Hardy.

5 RECEPTION ROOMS,
12 BED AND DRESSING ROOMS,
3 BATHROOMS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.
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GARAGE AND AMPLE STABLING
ACCOMMODATION.

COTTAGE FOR CHAUFFEUR.



Delightful Gardens and
Grounds, Squash Racquet
Court

TROUT FISHING
FOR A MILE, IN A STREAM ON THE
PROPERTY
HOME FARM OF ABOUT 300 ACRES
LET AT £330 PER ANNUM.

9 COTTAGES.

FOR SALE WITH A TOTAL AREA OF 334 ACRES

Or the Mansion would be Sold with 30 Acres

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In first-class order and approached from a quiet lane.

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8 BEDROOMS.
2 BATHROOMS.

MAIN WATER, GAS
AND ELECTRICITY.

GARAGE FOR
2 CARS.

2 EXCELLENT
COTTAGES.

LAWN TENNIS
COURT.

PROLIFIC KITCHEN
GARDEN.

Beautiful Grounds and fine woodland merging into heathland, and several paddocks.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH ABOUT 25 OR 72 ACRES RIDING OVER MILES OF COMMONLAND

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OLD OAK AND
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LOW TILES AND
LATTICE WINDOWS
AND MANY OTHER
QUAINT FEATURES
OF BYGONE DAYS.

4 reception rooms, 5
bedrooms, 2 bathrooms.

Company's electricity
and water.

Garage and outbuildings.

Kitchen garden and
fruit trees.

IN ALL ABOUT 3 ACRES. PRICE FREEHOLD £3,150 OR TO LET FURNISHED

ROUGH SHOOTING, RIDING AND HUNTING.
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Between Dorchester and Crewkerne.

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CHARMING OLD TUDOR RESIDENCE PARTLY REBUILT AND
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Superior hunter stabling. 9 modern loose boxes and 6 stalls. Heated garages. Outbuildings. Men's rooms and stable yard. Grounds with 2 tennis courts. Orchard and kitchen garden.

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80 ACRES GRASS, SUITABLE FOR BREEDING HORSES.

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FOR SALE 2,860 ACRES

DEER FOREST, EXTENSIVE WOODLANDS AND 60
ACRES OF ARABLE LAND

THE SHOOTING LODGE

4 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, electric light. Central heating. Also a newly built Bungalow and Farmhouse. Stabling and Outbuildings.

THE DEER FOREST AVERAGES 15 STAGS IN THE SEASON.

OR ABOUT 2,500 ACRES WOULD BE SOLD APART

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GOOD FISHING IN THE SEA AND LOCHS. ROUGH SHOOTING.

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Between Westerham and Sevenoaks.

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LARGE HOUSE

SUITABLE FOR A SCHOOL OR INSTITUTION.
LOUNGE HALL, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS, SERVANTS'
HALL AND DOMESTIC OFFICES, 17 BEDROOMS,
2 BATHROOMS.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AVAILABLE.

CENTRAL HEATING, MAIN WATER SUPPLY AND
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GARAGE FOR 2 CARS (ROOM OVER), STABLING FOR
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GROUND WITH 2 GRASS TENNIS COURTS.

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EXTENSIVE WOODLAND SURROUNDS THE
PROPERTY

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8 miles from Tiverton.

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A STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE HIGH UP IN UNDULATING
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WOODED COUNTRY.

Lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, servants' hall, and
domestic offices.

6 bedrooms and dressing rooms. 3 bathrooms. Electric
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Stabling and adaptable outbuildings. Kitchen garden.

WELL WOODED PARKLAND ABOUT 20 ACRES
AND A STREAM. ABOUT 500 ACRES CONSISTING
OF 270 ACRES ARABLE LAND, 150 ACRES WOOD-
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RENT FOR HOUSE UNFURNISHED AND GARDEN

£175 PER ANNUM

ADDITIONAL LAND AS REQUIRED

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A CHARMING PERIOD RESIDENCE

Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms. Billiards room. Excellent
offices. 5 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, nursery.
3 servants' bedrooms.

COMPANY'S ELECTRICITY and CENTRAL HEATING

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS. 2 COTTAGES.

ATTRACTIVELY ARRANGED PLEASURE GARDENS
2 ORCHARDS. STABLING AND FARM BUILDINGS.

IN ALL ABOUT 6 ACRES

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REMARKABLY BEAUTIFUL PERIOD HOUSE in lovely situation standing in a finely timbered Park. In perfect order and beautifully equipped. About 15 bedrooms, several bathrooms, fine suite of reception rooms. Main services. Central heating. Singularly charming old-world gardens. Model home farm and 3 other farms, several cottages. A very fine estate of about

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11 bedrooms, bathrooms, 4 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Garages (flat over). Stabling. 3 cottages. Singularly charming gardens, rich pastureland and woodlands.

FOR SALE

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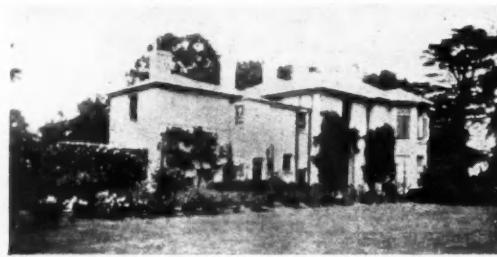
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Adjacent old-world villages. Views of South Downs.
8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Garage. Pretty cottage and outbuildings. **MATURED GARDENS WITH STREAM.**

ABOUT 6 ACRES. TO LET FURNISHED OR POSSIBLY SOLD

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A SMALL SELECTION OF COUNTRY HOUSES FOR SALE IN THE WESTERN MIDLANDS

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Picked Position. S.E. Aspect. Panoramic Views.

On Two Floors are 4 Reception Rooms, 9 Bedrooms, 3 Bathrooms. Sun Lounge. Modern Offices for staff and service. A.R.P. Shelter. Garage for 3 Cars with Flat over. Main Electric Light. Power and Water. Modern Tuke and Bell Drainage. Central Heating throughout on Panel System and many other special features.

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Blackwater Station 1 mile, Camberley 3 miles, with electric trains to Waterloo every half-hour. London 32 miles.

CHARMING RESIDENCE

CONVENIENTLY ARRANGED ON 2 FLOORS WITH ALL PRINCIPAL ROOMS FACING DUE SOUTH.

Hall, schoolroom, covered loggia, 3 reception rooms, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, usual offices.

Company's water and electric light. Radiators throughout. Garage for 2/4 cars, etc.

FORMAL AND GRASS TENNIS LAWNS. WILD GARDEN. 2 PADDocks AND FINE AVENUE OF POPLAR TREES, SUMMERHOUSE, ETC.

IN ALL ABOUT 8½ ACRES
FOR SALE. PRICE £5,500.

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OVER 500FT. UP ON THE HILLS BETWEEN HIGH WYCOMBE AND PENN, ADJOINING A COMMON
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A SMALL 18th CENTURY HOUSE OF CHARACTER

Standing back on a quiet road and facing due South, recently completely overhauled and ready to walk into.

It contains: sitting hall, 3 reception rooms, 6-7 bedrooms, most with basins and fitted cupboards, 2 bathrooms, heated linen cupboard. Cloakroom. Up-to-date offices with servants' sitting room.

MAIN WATER, ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT AND CONSTANT HOT WATER.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE. 3 GARAGES. GROUNDS OF ABOUT 2½ ACRES, PARTLY WALLED TENNIS COURT. KITCHEN GARDEN.

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Containing

Lounge Hall, 4 Reception Rooms, 15 Bedrooms, 5 Bathrooms, Modern Domestic Offices.

Main electric light.

Unfailing Water Supply,

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Perfect Decorative Condition.



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ENTRANCE LODGE AND 3 COTTAGES. GARAGES AND STABLING FOR 10. BEAUTIFUL LAWNS AND ROSE GARDEN.

EXCELLENT KITCHEN GARDEN.

IN ALL APPROXIMATELY

84 ACRES

FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

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Wisborough Green 2½ miles. Pulborough 5 miles.



20 ACRES

FREEHOLD. PRICE £5,000 (partially furnished)
or £3,00 without Land and furniture. IMMEDIATE POSSESSION
COTTAGE AND 6 ACRES MEADOW ALSO AVAILABLE

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RESIDENCE OF LOCAL STONE

3 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms 3 bathrooms.

Central Heating Throughout.

ALL MAIN SERVICES

GARAGE FOR 2 CARS

Cottage (with 6 rooms

TENNIS COURT.

SOUTH ASPECT.

Crowborough Station 1¼ miles.



2½ ACRES

PRICE £5,500 FREEHOLD

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CAREFULLY AND TASTEFULLY MODERNISED WITH OLD OAK BEAMS, EXPOSED THROUGHOUT, RED BRICK FIREPLACES AND MOST OF THE ROOMS HAVING THE ORIGINAL OAK FLOORS

CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE MOST COMFORTABLE AND ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCES IN THE DISTRICT



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2 ACRES**Price £5,000 Freehold****FOR SALE WITH POSSESSION MARCH 1943****A BEAUTIFUL BRICK AND THATCHED RESIDENCE**

COMMANDING LOVELY VIEWS OVER THE RIVER TORRIDGE AND OCCUPYING A PLEASANT POSITION ABOUT 300FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

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The whole extending to an area of about

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1½ MILES OF FISHING FROM ONE BANK OF THE RIVER TORRIDGE, THE WELL-KNOWN SALMON AND TROUT RIVER.

ON THE BORDERS OF THE NEW FOREST*Occupying a secluded position in ideal surroundings and commanding excellent views.***FOR SALE FREEHOLD THIS ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY WITH EXCELLENT, WELL-CONSTRUCTED HOUSE CONTAINING 3 BEDROOMS, 2 FITTED BATHROOMS, DRAWING AND DINING ROOMS, EXCELLENT OFFICES. GARAGE, WORKSHOP, STABLING, COWHOUSE. 4-ROOMED COTTAGE.**

ELECTRIC LIGHTING PLANT. IDEAL DOMESTIC STOVE. CENTRAL HEATING.

ATTRACTIVELY LAID OUT GROUNDS COMPRISING LAWNS, HERBACEOUS BORDERS, FLOWERING SHRUBS, SMALL ORCHARD, KITCHEN GARDEN GOOD PASTURE LAND, THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO AN AREA OF ABOUT

15½ ACRES**PRICE £4,000 FREEHOLD**

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BEAUTIFUL NEW FOREST*Situated well away from the road amidst delightful surroundings. South aspect. Gravel soil.***FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN PRICE THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE COMPACT MODERN RESIDENCE**

Built in the Manor House style and enjoying fine woodland views.

9 good bed and dressing rooms (lavatory basins in many of the rooms), 3 bathrooms, drawing room (27ft. by 16ft. with oak floor and partly oak panelled), dining room (18ft. by 15ft.), morning room (20ft. by 16ft., with oak beams and partly oak panelled).

Servants' Hall.
Good domestic offices.



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EXCELLENT ENTRANCE LODGE (suitable for a gentleman's residence, containing 3 bedrooms with lavatory basins, 2 sitting rooms; numerous out-houses, 2 garages. Main water and electricity.)

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Offices.

FAVOURITE PART OF OXON

5 miles from Banbury.

c.4



GENUINE XVII CENTURY RESIDENCE

With lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 10/12 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, complete offices. Central heating, electric light, etc.

GARAGE FOR 4. STABLING FOR 3. COTTAGE.

BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS. HARD TENNIS COURT. YEW HEDGES. ORCHARD. KITCHEN GARDEN, PADDOCK.

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LAWNS, ORCHARD IN ALL ABOUT 1 ACRE.

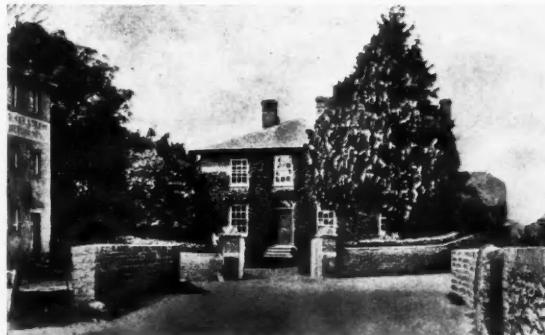
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400 ACRES. £12,500

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SUPERB MODERN RESIDENCE

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INEXPENSIVE GROUNDS WITH LAWNS, KITCHEN GARDEN, TOGETHER WITH ABOUT 200 ACRES OF WOODLAND, THE REMAINDER BEING RICH PASTURELAND AND ARABLE.

IN ALL 400 ACRES

VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

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Between Great Missenden and Berkhamsted, near village, 3 miles station and 5 miles old market town.



WELL-DESIGNED AND COMFORTABLE HOUSE

Lounge hall, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Main water and electricity. Constant hot water. Brick-built garage for 3 and good outbuildings.

Inexpensive gardens, tennis lawn, kitchen garden and orchard.

ABOUT 5 ACRES

PRICE £4,500 FREEHOLD

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Recommended as something out of the ordinary.

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c.2



Adjoining and overlooking golf course. Views of the Downs.

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Most attractive but inexpensive gardens, in all

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD £4,000

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Agricultural Buildings and
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BUILT TO TACKLE TOUGH JOBS!

The only machine which can be used efficiently and without effort for cutting long coarse grass, nettles, thistles, ragwort, undergrowth, couch and buffalo grass, etc.

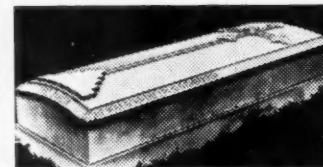
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To flavour meat pies, rissoles, hash,
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As the war goes on, a lot of us are going to wonder more and more just how we are going to solve the problem of feeding our dogs.

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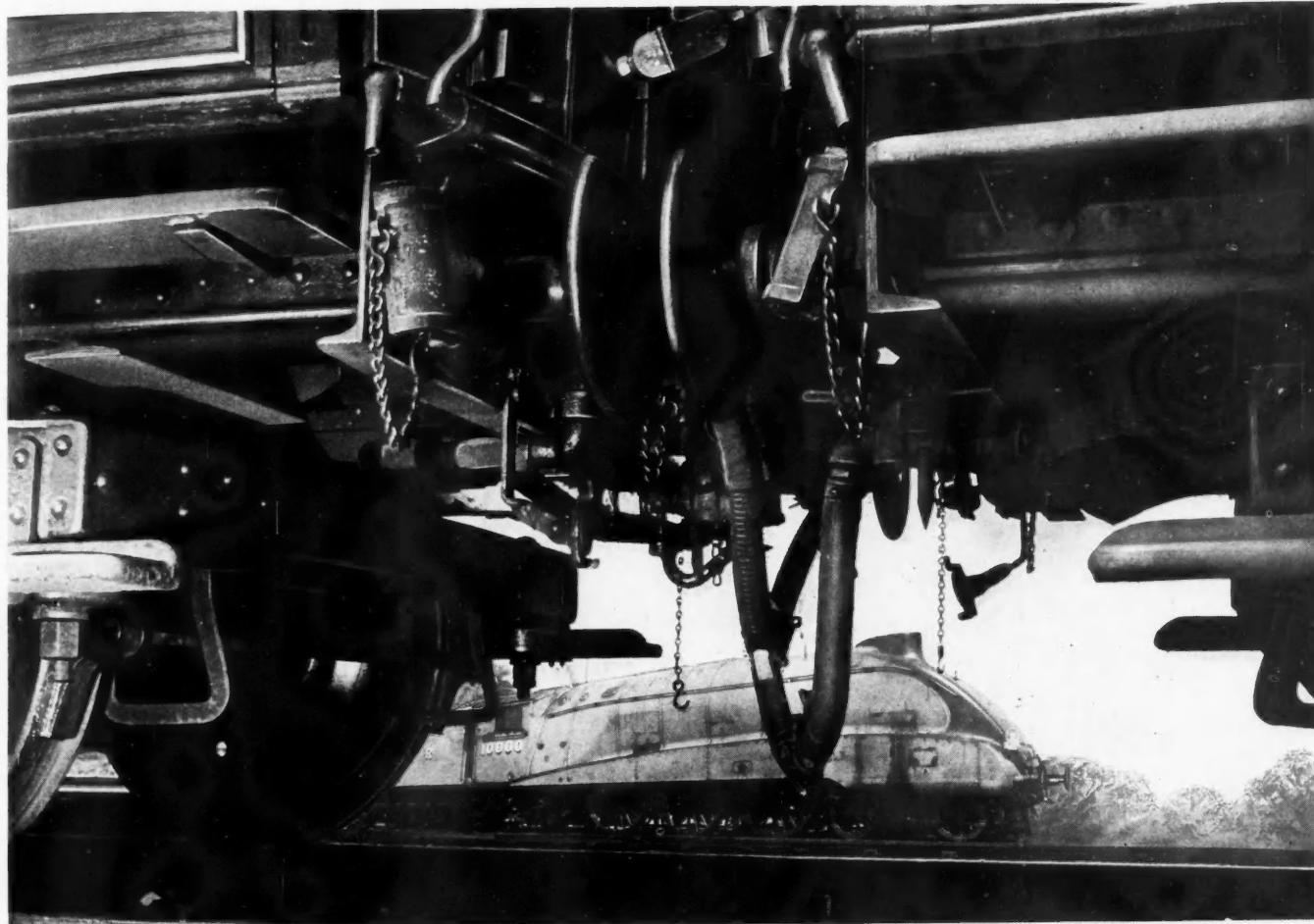
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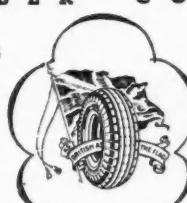
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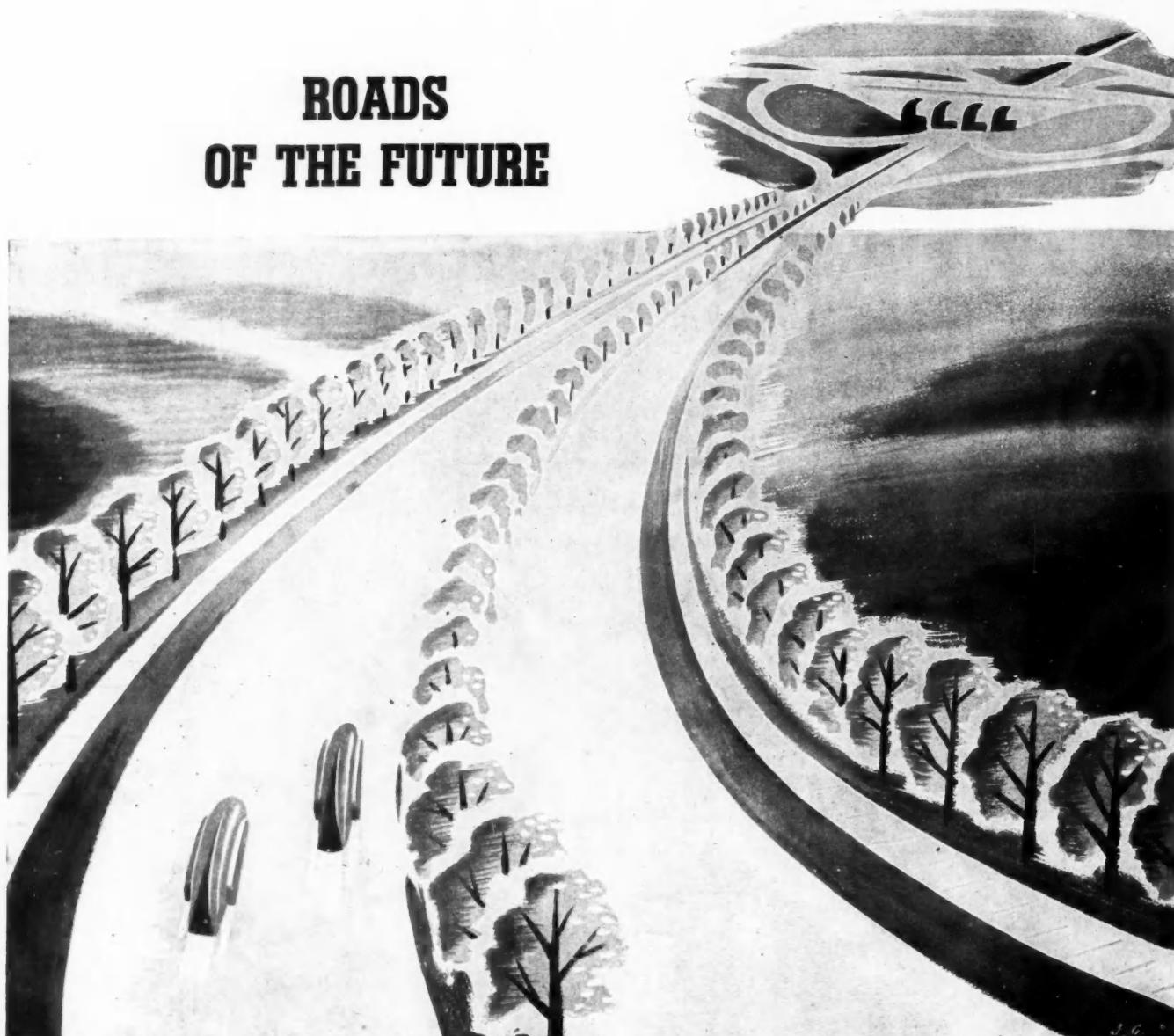
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ROADS OF THE FUTURE



■ "They shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning hooks." And out of the factories where bombers and fighters are now made will stream motor cars by the hundred thousand.

As our present system of roads is admitted to be inadequate, even for current requirements, it is certain that one of the very first items on the agenda for reconstruction will be the building of new and better roads to accommodate the increased traffic that must be expected in the future.

A network of great highways will be constructed to link up our important cities and towns with the capital. The purpose of these trunk roads will be to

speed a nation on wheels directly to its objective in the minimum of time with the maximum of safety but with due regard to the separate needs of different types of road user. It is not conceivable that the petrol-driven car will be superseded by one controlled by radio. Aerials along the road sides would provide the motive power with varying wavelengths for different destinations. Thus, if the first part of a journey is along radio road A.1, the car is tuned to the wavelength of that road, and if the ultimate destination is

along the A.3 road, then the car is retuned to the new wavelength when branching off from A.1.

Our post-war main roads will connect us with distant friends and relations; they will open up new ways of enjoying our leisure; they will lead us to better health through recreation and to a keener appreciation of our fellow countrymen through more frequent and more widespread travel.

The roads of the future will give much happiness and a wider outlook to every man, woman and child, while upon these broad highways the whole life of the nation will expand. The roads of the future lead straight into the dawn of a New Age.

Pears

REOWNED AS THE LEADING TOILET SOAP SINCE 1789

No. 5 of a series of advertisements issued by A. & F. Pears, Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex.

COUNTRY LIFE

NOVEMBER 28, 1941



THE COUNTESS CADOGAN

Lady Cadogan, who is the fourth daughter of the late Lord Churston, was married in 1936 to Captain the Earl Cadogan, and has a son, Viscount Chelsea, and two little daughters. She has just returned from Egypt, where her husband is on active service

COUNTRY LIFE

EDITORIAL OFFICES:

2-10, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2
Telegams: Country Life, London. Telephone: Temple Bar 7351

ADVERTISEMENT AND PUBLISHING OFFICES:
TOWER HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2
Telephone: Temple Bar 4363

The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.

Postal rates on this issue: Inland 2½d., Canada 1½d.
Elsewhere abroad 3d.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CHRISTMAS COMES

ACCORDING to custom COUNTRY LIFE takes the opportunity of the Christmas Number to wish readers preliminary compliments of the season; and these no less warmly for the obscurity of the turkey situation or for being couched in a mere ghost of a pre-war Christmas Number. In the good old days this issue always provided abundant cheer, its artistic covers groaning to the tune of some 200 pages. Needless to say, the relatively meagre and strictly rationed repast now offered is due to no remissness of ours—as many a host will have occasion to point out a month hence as he carves the turkey-substitute. Father Christmas himself, it is to be feared, will be seen as an unwontedly slim old man, but he will experience the less difficulty in slipping down our chimneys, in which Yule logs are either extinct or much reduced in size. Judging from the displays in the shops, though, his sack will be no emptier. It is, indeed, astonishing to find what a wide variety of unrationed presents there is available, even if it will be harder to satisfy those who like "useful" gifts. At least there are plenty of crackers—probably the last until the end of the war; and we can pull them with the gratifying knowledge that we are performing a national duty by creating waste paper for salvage.

NATURE RESERVES

THE paradox of making Nature reserves from which, for our own indirect delight, we debar ourselves access, was remarked by Professor Patrick Abercrombie in his *Green and Pleasant Land* article. He confessed that this side of preservation appealed to him more directly than any other, and readers generally will have noted with satisfaction the active steps being taken to make sure of its receiving the attention of the Scott Committee on the use of land, set up by Lord Reith. A Conference under Lord Onslow, comprising representatives of naturalists and local authorities, recommends that national planning should ensure four types of reservation in the interests of Nature, which correspond closely enough to those advocated by planners generally: (1) national parks; (2) "forest and wild life reserves" to which the public will have access subject to necessary restrictions (these would probably be reconcilable in many cases with "regional open spaces" such as former deer parks); (3) areas in which further development would be prohibited or drastically controlled and the public would not be given further facilities than they possess already—this might well cover the bulk of agricultural land and woodland; and (4) sanctuaries from which the public would be excluded except by special permit. The Conference added its weight to the demand that the Report of the National Park Committee (1931) should be exhumed, and made thoughtful recommendations for the management of these reserves, which it thought should be in the hands of local bodies acting under two national park authorities—for England and Scotland. It is to be hoped that local bodies would co-opt experienced persons such as landowners and their agents on to these management committees.

THE L.C.C. AS FARMER

IT is generally known, of course, that many authorities, local and statutory, have since the last war acquired a good deal of land for

the specific purpose of farming. Food is wanted for purposes for which the authority is responsible, and the best way to acquire it, they think, is to grow it themselves. Few people, on the other hand, are probably aware to what extent a body such as the London County Council works on this principle. The work of production from all the Council's services is actually co-ordinated by a "Farming Operations" Sub-committee of the Mental Hospitals Committee. That sub-committee has just issued a report on what has been done since the outbreak of war to increase food production on the Council's land, and the figures are most interesting. The Council farms over 5,700 acres in the home counties, of which about half has been acquired since the war. The produce is distributed among the Council's many institutions. The food is sent, as far as possible, to establishments near the sources of supply—but, in cases where war conditions cause a shortage of supplies elsewhere, a pool is formed and priority in home-produced food is given to hospitals and other establishments where the need is greatest. The figures given in the Report show that a great deal of enterprise and energy is going into the work. For the year ending in March, the production of eggs was 359,310; of milk, 543,997 gallons; of meat, 551 tons; of vegetables, 3,440 tons; of fruit, 81 tons; and of animal feeding-stuffs, 3,352 tons. These figures as a matter of fact do not tell the whole story, for they apply only to the farms attached to the mental health services. On them were to be found last year 1,500 cattle (including 700 cows in milk), 3,700 pigs, 1,000 sheep, and 4,900 poultry.

WINTER SUNSHINE

*SEE, a shaft of winter sunlight
Through the branches slide;
Dappled over leaf and bramble
Down the woodland ride.*

*Fields are lying pale and shining
To the winter's day;
Hedge and coppice gleaming darkly,
Still, and far away.*

*Hounds are driving through the covert,
Chiming as they pass;
Streaming out across the open
Stubble-land and grass.*

*Ever can their magic music
Warm our hearts again;
As the joy of winter sunshine
After storm and rain.*

IRIS M. RAIKES.

"ESQUIRE"

THE controversy as to whether the use of the letters "Esq." as a style of address should be allowed to perish with the first-class carriage in a democratic age has produced many amusing arguments for and against. Those who talk about the last relic of mid-Victorian snobbery are palpably wrong. Nobody was more delighted than Pepys when addressed by Blackburne (with his own hand) as S. P. Esq.; and though Pepys may have been a snob, he was certainly no mid-Victorian. The contrary emotional reaction—as the pundits say—was to be found in Boswell, who was so furious at being described by Sir John Hawkins as "Mr. James Boswell, a native of Scotland," that he retorted by characterising that eminent lawyer as "Mr. John Hawkins, an attorney." There can be no doubt that among our present-day abolishers one half wish to preserve a distinction which is already almost without a difference. Miss Gertrude Jekyll always described her family as "armigerous," and technically she meant only that they were "esquires" bearing their own coats of arms. No doubt the distinction implied by a grant of arms was obnoxious to those who left these shores to establish the great democracies of America and Australasia, where they seem to get along to-day very well without any such differences. At the same time, as others have pointed out, the use of "Esq." as a postal style of address at any rate has at least one great practical convenience; it makes it impossible for husband and wife to open one another's correspondence by mistake. As for social implications at the present moment, there are

HOME GUARD SHOOTING COMPETITION

Results of the Home Guard Miniature Rifle Competition will be published in our next issue

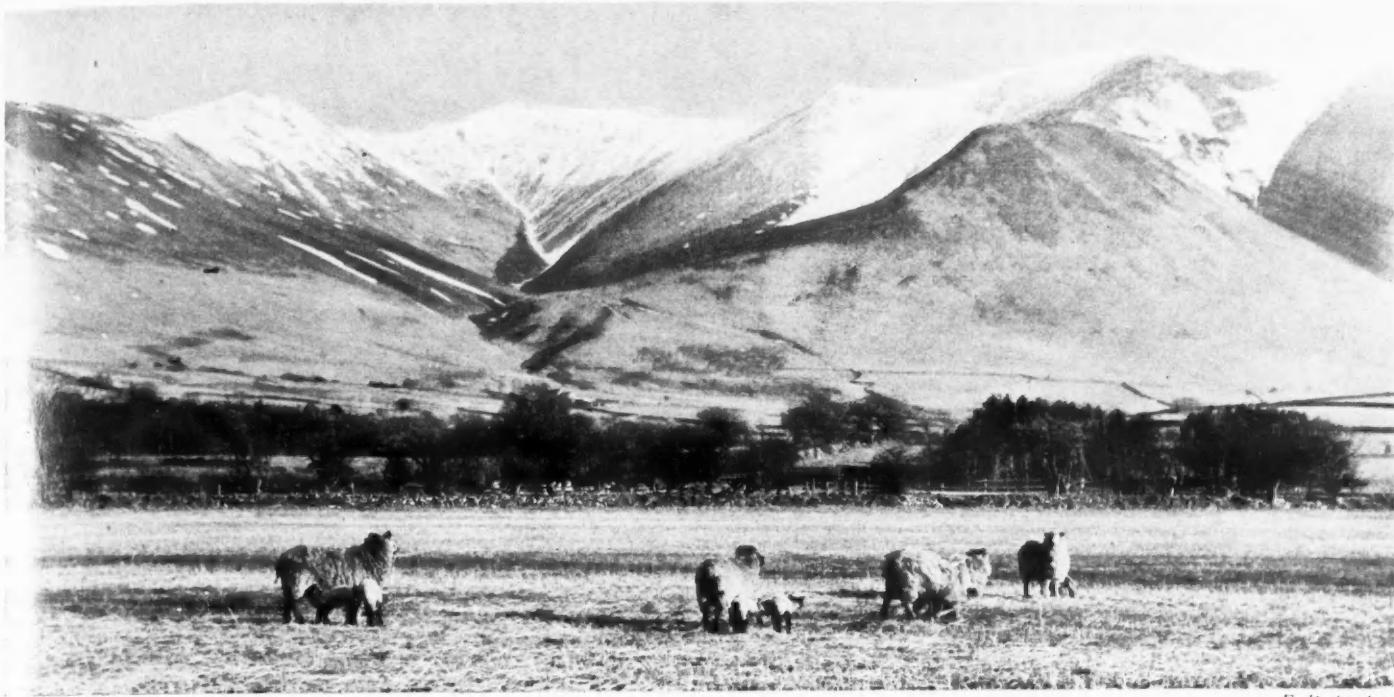
those who by birth or office or appointment cannot be denied the title of esquire which is undoubtedly theirs by right. In non-armigerous circles, however, it would already be thought unduly pedantic to refuse the letters "Esq." even to a tradesman whom one wished to propitiate in his non-trading hours. Whether we wish to level up or level down, in fact, it would be difficult to produce any particular social effect by either abolishing the title or making it universal.

DESTROYED LIBRARIES

TWENTY-FIVE important libraries, in various parts of the country, have so far been destroyed or very badly damaged. Among those completely or largely destroyed are the law, archaeology and fine art sections of the British Museum, Birkbeck College, Birmingham Philosophical Society, City of London College, the Coventry, Hampstead, Lowestoft, Liverpool and Plymouth public libraries, the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Great quantities of books have been lost in the Guildhall, Lambeth Palace, Inner Temple, University College and University of London libraries. A full list is given in the Report of the Friends of the National Libraries for 1940-41. Sir Frederick Kenyon, the Chairman, points out that, when the time comes for making good these very serious losses, a great field of service will open out for the Society, one of the functions of which is to act as a clearing-house for distributing gifts of books. There will, inevitably, be many private and country house libraries turned out of their homes, the owners of which may well be willing to put them at the disposal of the Society for public benefit rather than place them in a glutted market. Sets of periodicals and the proceedings of learned societies—bulky and rarely consulted items in a private house—would be particularly acceptable.

"PROFESSIONAL" WASTE PAPER

THE appeal made during the past weeks for a serious and co-ordinated effort on the part of householders to get all their unwanted paper to the Ministry of Supply with the least possible delay has already borne fruit. There is another direction in which the response has been more doubtful, largely because the recovery of waste involved is on a larger scale and no methodical organisation of sale and transport had been worked out beforehand. Business and professional establishments have, of course, certain qualms in the matter of destroying records, but such hesitation is often pushed too far and it is sometimes only lack of energy which prevents the separation of the essential from what has become completely useless. Few offices would not find it easy, if really pushed to it, to effect a 50 per cent. reduction in old correspondence, files, records, out-of-date ledgers, guard books, invoices and receipts. This applies just as much, as a rule, to architects, auctioneers, solicitors, and estate agents, as to business houses. The owners of such waste have an advantage over the householder in the fact that the waste paper which they can dispose of in such bulk will be readily removed by merchants who will pay for it into the bargain. If they get into touch with a paper merchant in their neighbourhood they will be offered market prices: for old ledgers 6s. per hundredweight, for office letters and invoices 5s. per hundredweight, and so on. Dealing with one's waste in such a way should be a simple matter—but if, as sometimes happens, a professional or business man cannot find a waste-paper merchant collecting in his immediate neighbourhood, he has only to communicate with this office and he will be immediately put in touch with one.



E. Richardson

SNOW ON THE HILL TOPS, YOUNG LAMBS IN THE VALLEY. HOPE GILL, LORTON, CUMBERLAND

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By MAJOR C. S. JARVIS

NOT long before this war started my brother and I went to see again the old house in Sussex where our grandmother had lived and where we had spent so many of our school holidays nearly 50 years ago. I had my Arab car-driver with me, and he was most excited to see the house in which the "Bey" had spent his childhood when a boy. With his Nile Valley outlook of admiring anything brand new and glistening with paint he was greatly struck with some large and glaring council houses, which had sprung up in the field in which we had learnt to ride, and which caused my brother and me to gasp with horror at the outrage. The Arab was most disappointed to learn that I had not been born in one of these, and when he discovered that the house we had come to see was a structure of the sixteenth century with a rough Horsham stone roof that sagged in parts, and beneath it some half-timbering, irregular windows and a worm-eaten oak door he was deeply shocked, but I realised that he was making a loyal mental reservation not to give me away when he returned to his country. Besides, it would be a dreadful admission of social inferiority to confess he had been car-driver to a man who had come from an aged and despicable house of this description with not one bright red synthetic tile or touch of chromium plating anywhere.

**
Of course, my brother and I, who had not seen the place for more than 40 years, found that everything had shrunk amazingly and to a most disconcerting extent. The lawn in front, enclosed by the moat—once a wide vista of green that spread to the horizon—was barely 20yds. wide! The moat, that great stretch of dangerous water which we had navigated perilously in a home-made punt, was not much more than a large-sized ditch in parts; while the vast paddock that separated the moat from what we used to call the pike pond was merely a small and very ordinary field about three-quarters of an acre in extent, and once upon a time it had been quite an adventure to cross it. Both my brother and I found it extremely hard to believe that we had really caught a couple of pike in the tiny weed-grown pond at the far side.

**
WHAT shocked us more than anything was the disappearance of the two giant quince trees that used to hang over and into the moat, almost blocking the navigation channel in parts. Possibly, like everything else on the place, they had been about a quarter the size

we imagined, but nevertheless they must have been very remarkable trees, for quince jam—to many people the most delicious of all our preserves and, incidentally, a most satisfactory substitute for the orange marmalade that is now almost a thing of the past—was in those days made in enormous quantities, sufficient to satiate the appetites of a horde of grandchildren. Also every apple tart or pudding made in that house contained sufficient quinces to flavour the whole, and these wedges of coppery red fruit were sought after eagerly by us when children.

We could not discover what had happened to these trees, for no one on the place at the time had heard of them. Possibly they had died—they were obviously not very young when we first knew them—but quinces, I believe, like apples, live to a great age, and as we recognised several of our best apple trees still producing fruit in the orchards we came to the conclusion that some vandal must have cut them down as worthless growths blocking the moat.

THIS raises the question as to why the quince has been allowed almost to die out in this country. Some 50 years ago practically every orchard in the land had its quince tree or two, and it was particularly common in Sussex, where almost every cottage has a tiny pond on its land, and every tiny pond had a quince on its banks. It was regarded in the kitchen then as an essential flavouring in much the same way as sage, mint and parsley, but to-day an apple tart containing this delightful adjunct constitutes almost an occasion—a Lucullan feast in fact. In this part of the world—my own recently planted trees having died—I know of only one tree where the fruit is offered for sale, and if one desires some of the produce it is necessary to put one's name down on a roster some time before the picking.

I suppose after these remarks some correspondent will now write to say that in his part of the world quinces are as plentiful as ever, and that people have to cut them back and root them out as they overcrowd the other trees. If they do, I warn them that I shall require tangible proofs of their statements—sufficient at least to make a 7lb. pot of jam.

THE almost complete disappearance of the quince from our midst reminds me of another old Sussex friend, or rather acquaintance, that I never hear these days. I say "hear" advisedly for, though he had a most persistently garrulous personality, one saw him in the flesh very rarely. I refer to the common

corn-crake or landrail, a migrant who visited this country regularly in the past and was almost as common 30 years ago as is his cousin, the moorhen, to-day.

I do not know that we liked him particularly as he was connected in our minds with sleepless nights punctuated by his grating call, but he was definitely part and parcel of old-time rural England, something one connected always with fields of waving corn, and now that we hear him no more we miss him in much the same way as the galley slave on obtaining his freedom missed the clank of his chain. When the corn-crake was to be heard in almost every wheat and oat field in the land, the country host, when the week-end guest arrived, would show him to his bedroom to see that he had everything he required and that the bed was comfortable. Then he would add: "It won't matter very much if the bed is comfortable or not, as there is a damned corn-crake in the field opposite and you won't be able to sleep a wink."

Apeculiarity about the corn-crake was that he appeared to have ventriloquial powers—or that there were always two or more in every field. Having carefully located a calling bird in a certain corner, one would walk him up in the hopes of seeing him, only to discover on arrival at the spot that the grating noise was coming from the opposite side. In any case there was very small chance of obtaining a glimpse of him as he could run very swiftly and smoothly through the long grass, and looked more like a sneaking rat than a bird. Though I used to hear them all day and every day—and also at night—I think I have only seen them when shooting with a party, and 30 years ago a corn-crake or two figured in almost every game bag, though in shooting parlance he was always termed a landrail. He was not a very sporting shot; in fact, on two or three occasions I have seen spaniels rise to them like trout and catch them as they fluttered weakly over the turnips; but he was a most excellent bird on the table and, in the opinion of many, in the same class as the golden plover.

He is still a quite common migrant on the north coast of Africa, and in Sinai I had six or seven in my garden every winter, but it is a complete mystery how a bird, who in this country is only able to flutter 3ft. from the ground, can, when migrating, fly some 2,000 miles at a stretch. The corn-crake therefore is by no means extinct, and it would be most interesting to discover why it has given Great Britain a wide berth for something like 15 years.

A WANDERER'S CHRISTMASES

By NEGLEY FARSON

CHISTMAS is a day that brings out, often, the best or the worst in us, and—longings which no material gifts can ever fulfil, longings for Home. It's the one day in the year when even the most wandering son feels nostalgia.

There seemed something perverse in the way Fate (*via* my editor) always sent me off to some foreign country about Christmas-time. Riding mules down the high Pyrenees, I deliberately made them retrace their steps and came back through the snows along the French frontier from Aragon to Navarre, just so that I might have (be it only for two days) a stool before the fire at the friendly *casa* of Augusto the Basque. Most of his father's sheep were wintering down on the plains of Spain; but we had one roasted over the open fire, sweet as a nut, with almonds and litres of his rich landowning father's most cherished wine. Much good talk (years later Augusto took me to a wall and showed me where the Guardia Civil had tried to shoot him—that was after the abortive Jaca revolution); and then, with ceremonial mock-tears from "the little savages," as bearded Augusto affectionately called the Basque maids who ran his household, I saddled my mule again and vanished into the pine forest. I had, successfully, solved another Christmas.

Way back in 1924 there had been a Christmas in Angora (Ankara they call it now) where I, a French correspondent from the Paris *Temps*, and a wild American—who was trying with every one of his despatches to make a war—held the most solemn conference we held in Turkey—about a turkey. Could we get one? Could we! When we went into the *bazaar* inside those old walls built of the ruins and the statues of so many ancient civilisations and made known our wants, we were pursued by men with turkeys in their arms for the rest of our stay in that muddy, exhilarating capital. But Fresco the Greek skinned the turkey for our Christmas dinner, sent it in lying indecently on its back, legs trussed up, upon a bed of unmashed chestnuts, the chestnuts we had bought for him to use in a stuffing. And no amount of amber Anatolian wine could make up for that Christmas bird's nakedness; it was so much against all Christian tradition.

I won a bet with that pair of world-weary newspaper correspondents that I had eaten two Christmas dinners in the same year—but not on the same day. They, thinking of some trick I had played with Meridian Time, declared it impossible. No one except Alcock and Brown had flown across the Atlantic then; so I couldn't have eaten one in England, then flown westward with the sun to have a later one in New York. But they had to pay for the wine when I explained how, in 1916, I had eaten

my first Christmas dinner of that year in Stockholm—this by our calendar; then, 13 days later, eaten another Christmas dinner in Petrograd—by the Russian calendar. They were Christmas dinners which, drawing fearlessly upon my imagination, I made so tremendous that they almost exceeded my own beliefs, yet which, as anyone who knows Sweden or Russia can attest, could not be exaggerated.

But that was all sorry fun. People do get home-sick when Christmas rolls round. It takes a deal of philosophy to overcome it. A man with fine feelings will hesitate before he will accept an invitation to intrude on a family abroad for its most sentimental meal of the year. Up at Grootfontein, in South-West Africa, it was with uneasiness that I obeyed the firm command of an English family in that Mandate that I should share their family re-union on Christmas Day. At the long table, with its artificial holly, its very, very authentic plum pudding, its wealth of rich hospitality that you always find beyond "where the pavement ends," I felt the outsider even though I did raise my glass to every family toast. When we drank that traditional one—"To absent friends!"—in the moment or so's silence that followed, when everyone there was thinking of an absent someone in his or her life, I quickly sent my mind travelling northwards across thousands of miles of seas, across the Equator, to where . . .

"Master!" The tiny Bushman waiter was tugging at my sleeve; he had noticed that I had never filled my glass. "Master!" "Ssssssh!" I whispered.

N'Goni, since they had found him under a bush on the edge of the Kalahari Desert, had spent at least four Christmases in this household; but, although it would take years more to inculcate into him what Christmas meant, he knew that somehow I was breaking a great tradition—by sitting there (when all that red paper was on the table) with my glass empty.

Weeks ago parcels have gone out to the Continent for British prisoners of war, and hearts will be heavy both here and there as Christmas rolls around. Yet there is one thing which must be taken into account: that is, the gyroscopic action of the human soul—Christmas Day makes men react against adversity. Like a spinning top, man given a push rises upright again. That's called spirit by the thoughtless. But it is much more than that. Christmas Day, more than any other in the year, holds up a deliberate challenge. It makes a man face his own character. Be a moody grump to-day, and you're a glod. So that you will see, in those camps, the most amazing expression of solidarity, of genuine happiness. The soul of man always rises to this occasion. It is only the person satiated with plenty, with too much of everything he wants in this world,



IN SWEDEN CHRISTMAS TREES ARE OFTEN PUT OUT IN THE STREETS

who finds Christmas Day a boring ceremonial.

Some of the happiest Christmas Days I have spent have been in hospital. I've seen things there! Soldiers, reading this, who spent Christmas in hospitals in Egypt during the last war, will know what I am talking about: Nasrleh, for example, in Cairo; or Ras el Tin, at Alexandria. Very few people felt sorry for themselves then, even those who knew that their number was up. It's a strange thing, a nice thing to have known and think about—this comradeship of a lot of sick or wounded men in bed together, making fun in spite of everything. How often, in peace-time life afterwards, men turned back to those days—and wondered what it was that was certainly missing in civilian life. And the nurses who looked after them—why, even that lantern-jawed Matron seemed tolerable on Christmas Day!

In quick transit, I went from one such communal Christmas to a Christmas on a lonely lake in British Columbia. At least, my wife and I thought it was going to be a lonely day. But a settler across the lake invited us to row over and sleep on Christmas Eve at their house. We polished the silver candlesticks that afternoon; we made holly wreaths; we all hung up our stockings. And next morning, why—it was hardly light before we all reached down to the foot of our beds to see what Santa had brought. Remember, we were far from any stores—only the unpainted wooden shack at the foot of the lake.

But what a day! Our host, one of the best bird shots I have ever seen, had chased and shot two of his own tame geese. They had got away in the floods of the rainy season. The old Nanny they had brought out from England years and years before found a bottle of whisky in her stocking that morning—"Just to keep her sweet," said my host. The plum-pudding had been sent out from England; the crackers sent up from Victoria; and our Christmas tree had been cut from the second growth that covered his place. The wind howled across the lake that night, slamming and breaking the French window of my room; I thought I had cut myself when I looked in the mirror the next morning.

But no—it was only the red crepe-paper hat I had fallen asleep in, whose dye had run from the perspiration of my dancing. We had had such a jolly evening, so many nightcaps, that I had forgotten to take off *this* one when I went to bed.

Christmas in Panama: I had left the sedate Washington Hotel in Colon to live in Panamá style in a resort whose balcony hung over Balboa Boulevard in Colon—one of the most gaudy, bawdy streets in all the world. The street was a madhouse on Christmas Eve. Big ocean liners coming through the Canal had just decanted their pleasure-seeking passengers into the town. About half the United States



THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE AT STOCKHOLM IN THE SNOW

Army, Marine Corps, Navy, Air Force, seemed to be trying to pack every *cantina* between the Caribbean and the Pacific. Alone—and feeling frightfully so—I wandered in and out amid this scene of reckless gaiety. I had never felt so out of things in all my years abroad. Every soldier or sailor had a buddy; every ship had its parties of passengers. Everybody had somebody—except me.

But over in Balboa on the Pacific side was taking place one of the most traditional and hospitable celebrations known to the Canal Zone. This time every year, a woman who had known the "Big Ditch" since the first ship came through it—and who was now the proprietress of its most scintillating cabaret—had deliberately closed the doors of her establishment. Just on the night when she could have made almost a small fortune, she was not admitting any customers. Instead, she and her partner, an ancient lady, were up on stepladders, hanging the holly, putting the finishing touches to a dinner they would give the next day—to all the "Old Timers," the homeless men of the Panama Canal. From the exalted rank of an American Army general down to the very lowest, broken-down "tropical tramp"—any man who had been in on the making of the zone had a yearly place at that table on Christmas Day. The old "Zoners."

In 1915, racing back to the United States for an operation, I spent Christmas at sea in a Swedish ship—chiefly because she had tried to run the blockade and the British had taken us to lie for three days at Kirkwall. Off Fire Island, on the U.S. Atlantic coast, we lay on our side in a storm and cross-currents such as I have seldom seen; the ship alternately jerked by currents and wind so that she was always listed. I could not be carried into the dining-saloon, so my bunk became my Christmas tree, draped with all the beautiful Scandinavian trappings. Also, what a fine Captain! A bottle of champagne was sent in to me—plus a fat lobster, both of which I took down, which I don't consider bad for a man with a temperature of 103.

How I survived that Christmas Eve, Day, and dinner passed my American surgeon's comprehension. I think it was due to the cheerful spirit of the Swedes, Danes, and Norwegians in that ship, one Swede among whom ultimately became my partner in Russia. He was the one I ate Christmas dinner with in Stockholm, that two-Christmas year of 1916.

But, in Scandinavia again, at the beginning of this war, I decided that this time I would make for home. I had again been months in hospital; and this time, after I limped out of that fine one in Copenhagen, I announced that I would fly to England as soon as I could get a 'plane. The Danes, who perhaps had the best Christmas dinners in the world, protested that



MOSCOW AFTER A SNOWSTORM: ONE OF THE BEST-KNOWN VIEWS OF THE KREMLIN

I must remain and have it with them. But my wife in England had written that we had had enough of celebrating Christmases in every part of the world except home—or else in separate parts of the world. I must come home for this one. Accordingly, I got into a 'plane with its windows whitewashed, was flown one rainy morning to Amsterdam, got out on a windy sunset that same day at Hove, in England, and a few days later had my first Christmas at home for something like 10 years. By taking that 'plane I also missed being in Copenhagen when the Germans marched in.

Now the peculiar situation has arisen that I must spend Christmas at home. It is an extraordinary position. Unless I get into one of the Services I am doomed to spend my Christmases in England. No more naked turkeys in Turkey; no more insipid egg-punch made by Army nurses; no more Christmas dinners in ships, or foreign hotels, or strange homes in far-off Africa. Just a meagre, modest, *rationed* Christmas by my own coal fire—think of it! Still—you remember what I said about the human soul—I shall rise to the occasion. Last spring during the blitz I put some eggs into liquid glass; I shall make myself a Christmas omelette. I am having a new stem fitted into the bowl of an old, favourite pipe I found recently;

and a cousin of mine is ruining her reputation at the little tobacconist's in her village by collecting, ounce by ounce, half a pound of my favourite curly cut Virginia. Another cousin has promised me two cock pheasants from his farm near Brighton—on which I am not allowed to shoot owing to Defence Regulations. An aunt in New York has already sent me a plum pudding. And, as we have no more coupons, the rest of my family simply cannot give me any more atrocious neckties.

No! Fate still holds the reins. Since I began this article the 'phone has rung; I have just been given my *visa* for Moscow. Inside 10 days, I am told (from another quarter), I shall be on a cargo ship bound for Archangel. This happens to be a perfectly true coincidence (this telephone from my paper, as I write this article); and so . . . well, once again I shall spend a Christmas in Russia. It will be perhaps the most dramatic Christmas I shall ever know; watching the heroic Russians fighting the murderous invaders of their land.

The heart of Man! What images this Christmas will stamp for ever on my memory! And may it be a good Christmas for you; the spirit of the 1940 Blitz-Christmas was one of the finest things I have known in England.



WINTER SCENE IN MOSCOW ON THE ICE RINK IN THE GORKY PARK OF CULTURE AND REST



A CONTRAST: ARCADED FRONT STREET, THE MAIN SHOPPING CENTRE, IN COLON

ENGLISH TABLE GLASS

By HARRY TRETHOWAN

"WHO, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metallic form, rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniences of life as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures," writes Samuel Johnson.

Though the origin of glass-making is lost in obscurity, it was certainly one of the earliest arts. We are able to trace its history earlier than 3000 B.C., when it was an established industry among the Egyptians. We have ample and positive proof of this by their ancient sculptures and by the discoveries in these latter days of the ruins of glass factories in Egyptian excavations. The Greeks and Romans learned the art from Egypt, and the Romans made great use of glass in the days of the rule of the Cæsars. During the Middle Ages the Venetians revived the art of glass-making and brought it to much fame, producing many new and beautiful effects in form and colour.

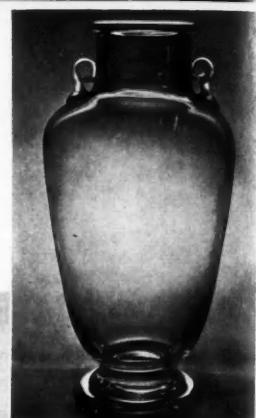
The fascination of glass is universal and its traditions are linked with the remotest times in the history of nations and empires. It is not merely one of the marvels of craftsmanship, but also one of the most beautiful productions the



(Above) FLINT GLASS FLOWER HOLDERS

Designed by James Hogan.
The duck is by
Frank Hill

(Right) VASE IN FLINT GLASS (James Hogan)



world has ever known. Nature herself was the first great producer, for were not volcanoes the primal glass furnaces? The ancients found volcanic glass and made beautiful objects of personal adornment out of it. Legend has it that the art of glass-making was taught to man by Herme, who instructed the people of Egypt how to produce "the peerless crystal sacred to the Gods."

One thing is certain. Glass was very early and, of course, very crudely made by primitive man. Pliny says that glass was first found in Syria and that glass-houses were erected in Tyre. We know that in the days of Tiberius

(Right) A SHERRY SET
(Below) MORE MODERN PRODUCTIONS BY JAMES HOGAN



glass was used by the citizens of Rome, and discoveries in Pompeii have proved that glass windows were in use in that city of destined doom before 79 A.D. The Venetians were once acclaimed the master glass-makers of the world. Rivals sprang up, and in due course England became one, and a very potent one.

It was as early as 676 that glass was first seen in England, being introduced by Benedict Bishop, Abbot of Wearmouth. But it was much later that glass-making was established in England. The first glass-factories to be established were one in Crutched Friars and another in the Savoy in 1557. In 1673 the first plate-glass factory, for the production of plate for mirrors and coach windows, was set up in Lambeth under the patronage of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. From that date the art of glass-blowing flourished in England, so that within a century Venice had lost this country as a market for its glass.

The technique of English glass-blowers can be traced back to the glass-blowers of Imperial Rome and to the Roman provinces of Syria, Egypt and Gaul. It does not appear that glass-making to any extent was carried on in this country during the Roman occupation, although fragments of Roman glass have been discovered in many parts of the country. Roman technique survived in certain parts of Germany, notably in the Cologne district, and possibly from this centre the vessels may have found their way into England as well as throughout the rest of Europe.

Among the ancient maps painted on the panels of the cupboards of the Guarda Roba of the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence is a map of England in which the county of Surrey contains only two names, Guildford and Cheddingfield



(Left) "WE STILL PRODUCE BEAUTIFUL TABLE GLASS"

All the glass illustrated in this article was made by James Powell and Sons

copy the glass-making of other countries in these days, although manufacturers in all countries are copyists.

Quality and tradition play the greatest parts in the production of English glass. When export is under consideration it is always tradition and the crystal quality that are the most important factors. Where business is possible as

between other countries and England there seems to be no inclination to depart from the English style. What the glass-makers of yesterday were able to do of this we are still capable.

It is of great importance that in these days, when so many countries are unable to export their products, the artists and manufacturers of England should seek, not to capture new

markets by trying to replace exact copies of the works of other countries, but rather revive the art of glass-making portraying the best English culture.

We are still capable of doing things in our own way, and we can still—and do—produce beautiful table glass. The beauty of table appointments is the sign of our cultural development, and glass plays a great part in such progress.

Mr. John M. Bacon, the well-known collector of early drinking glass, writes: "When you buy a hat you are more concerned with its shape than with how it is made; so in dealing with drinking glasses we must remember that, while they may vary in accordance with changing fashion, they ever serve the same purpose. The halcyon days of English glassmaking were over a period given up to the cultivation of the word taste. Our forefathers had more time, that blessed commodity, in which to think out details for the beautification of their dining-table."

Maybe, when peace comes again, and we have not spent all our substance on destruction, we shall return—as we have done at the close of other wars—to the earnest cultivation of the arts of peace, and shall continue to make beautiful glass.

When our hearts are freed from anxiety, we may look upon the molten metal and have visions of the beauty hidden in its forbidding depths and carry on a great English craft and seek to safeguard a noble heritage and a worthy tradition.

HORSESHOE AND HEARTSEASE

I WAS walking up Peddars Way in pale sunshine one autumn afternoon looking for suitable ground for an exercise. North, at the point I started from, was a nameless British encampment. On either hand, lost in the fens, were villages named after saints whose crumbling churches, covered with wallflower and ivy, wear a forlorn beauty to-day. And ahead of me, many miles south, lay my home, now empty. So, from prehistoric beginnings Peddars Way seemed to lead through the age of faith to an unseen future of peace after war, a goal as dazzling as ever was Christian's Celestial City.

Here, half way up the hill, it was a green lane, broad and deep-rutted, and the hedges were thick with blackberries. Rabbits scuttled from bank to bank and a pair of wood-pigeons clapped out of an oak and wheeled from sight round the wood corner. When I looked down at the track again there, in one of the ruts, lay a horseshoe, newly cast and bright in the sun. Being a superstitious fellow I picked it up and saw it was an old off-fore, worn through at the toe and scratched like a drypoint—a cart-horse shoe, very different from Pippin's last set I still have at home which will never be worn again, for he went to kennels this spring, too old to wait for his master's return from the war. I struck it against a flint to hear again that ring that is like no other sound in the world, a sound that is part of village life and mingles on summer days with chime of church clock and cooing of doves in the chestnuts, or puts good heart into winter nights and embodies some of the blacksmith's glowing brawn.

Many thousands of shoes must have drummed and clinked and sparked on these stones, or been sucked with greedy squelch into the mud where carriers clatter now. But the finding here of this shoe cheered me, for it seemed to stand for a sign that after the war men will ride again. A horse teaches horse-sense—courage, humility, obedience, endurance—while machines, like the Furies, fill men with lust of conquest and drive them to demoniacal madness.

At the top of the hill near a massive dead ash, limbless and grey, the track ended, and I walked out over a wide field barred with stubble and clover and tufted with stooks of corn like a piece of green and gold coat armour. I swung along over the crackling straw, watching the coveys of partridges sail off down-hill and glorying in this rich solitude after weeks of office routine and march discipline. All around woodland, field and farm lay transfigured in mellow haze, and the air was crisp and clean.

As I walked on I suddenly saw a single

small flower gleam out from the other small flowers that grew there. Wild pansy, I thought, and picked it to look in its yellow black-lashed eye. And then I remembered its country name, heartsease, and picked some more and put it away in my pocket-book thinking that if one horseshoe could so easily revive the galloping past a handful of heartsease might somehow heal the present.

After that I worked out my battle plan and an hour later turned for home. A sea breeze puffed in my face and I knew the tide would be coming in, racing in brown flood up the broad river below, chuckling under the piers of the bridges, filling that sleepy valley with buoyant, life-giving breath. Late martins would skim the surface and circle the river-mud nests that hang in rows from the eaves of the churches. Small boys with home-made rods and jam-jars full of bait would be squatting in pairs on the banks.

The sentry on the V.P., sweating in battle-dress, helmet on back of head, would be plodding his beat and wishing it ran in the shade past that picnic party. For soldiers still guard the river as they did 1,500 years ago, and patrols watch the woods up on Peddars Way for the glint of sun on steel. The foe is the same, but his helmet now is grey and coal-scuttle-shaped, not the bright winged hat of the Sagas. He comes swinging down from the clouds instead of up rivers in clinker-built galley, and a sub-machine-gun takes the place of the two-handed battle-axe. So does the wheel of time come round and the past is merged in the present. So, too, may we, humbled and sickened by war, turn again to the healing that lies in such simples as horseshoes and heartsease.

That night I was unexpectedly ordered off on a course near my war-time home in the far north-west; at the end I could take 48 hours' leave. And three weeks later, as we picnicked above the lake, a united family once more, I thought of my heartsease now blossoming forth with such joy. It was a birthday tea and we unpacked the cake and set up the candles and lit them, while the blue immemorial hills and the sun of a golden St. Francis Day looked down from eternity and witnessed a small boy enter his tenth year. Before my leave ended he drew me a picture, not his usual theme of camouflaged Spitfires, but a cottage among the hills with horseshoe knocker for luck on its green door and smoke curling out of the chimney.

"That's where we'll live," cried his younger brother with savage glee, "when you've shot all the Germans in their backhinds!" G. R. S.

BRITAIN'S ALPINE WONDERLAND

Written and Illustrated by
W. A. POUCHER

IN pre-war days I always looked forward to Christmas, not so much because it was the annual festival, but on account of the fact that I took a holiday with my family in the Alps. Sometimes we went to Switzerland and at others we visited Austria, then a land of smiling and happy people.

It was a grand and thrilling experience to leave behind our cold, damp and foggy atmosphere and, after a few hours' travel, to wake up in clear air amid the sunny snows of the highest hills in Europe. Ski-ing is probably the best of all sports, and there is nothing to compare with the elation of gliding silently over the snow at a speed of maybe 30 miles an hour with the wind rushing through one's hair and the sun so warm that much of one's clothing may be discarded.

Of course, the weather was not always as perfect as the advertisements suggested, for I remember that on one occasion at Davos it rained for three days, and the streets in the village were knee-deep in slush. However, that was a rare experience and generally we had little to complain of. For the first few days we went to bed early, the altitude and exercise inducing that delicious lassitude which has to be experienced to be believed. When we had become accustomed to the changed conditions we, like the rest of the international crowd, danced into the early hours of the morning. In spite of this, we were up early and on the first of the trains which carried us to greater heights for the run downhill for lunch.

Nowadays, these exhilarating holidays seem almost a dream. Like many other winter-sports enthusiasts, we left our ski in the Alps in 1939. This is a pity in view of the snow conditions I have since seen in North Wales. Of course, no one would claim that our winter



THE SPIRES OF BRISTLEY RIDGE
GLISTENED IN THE SUNSHINE

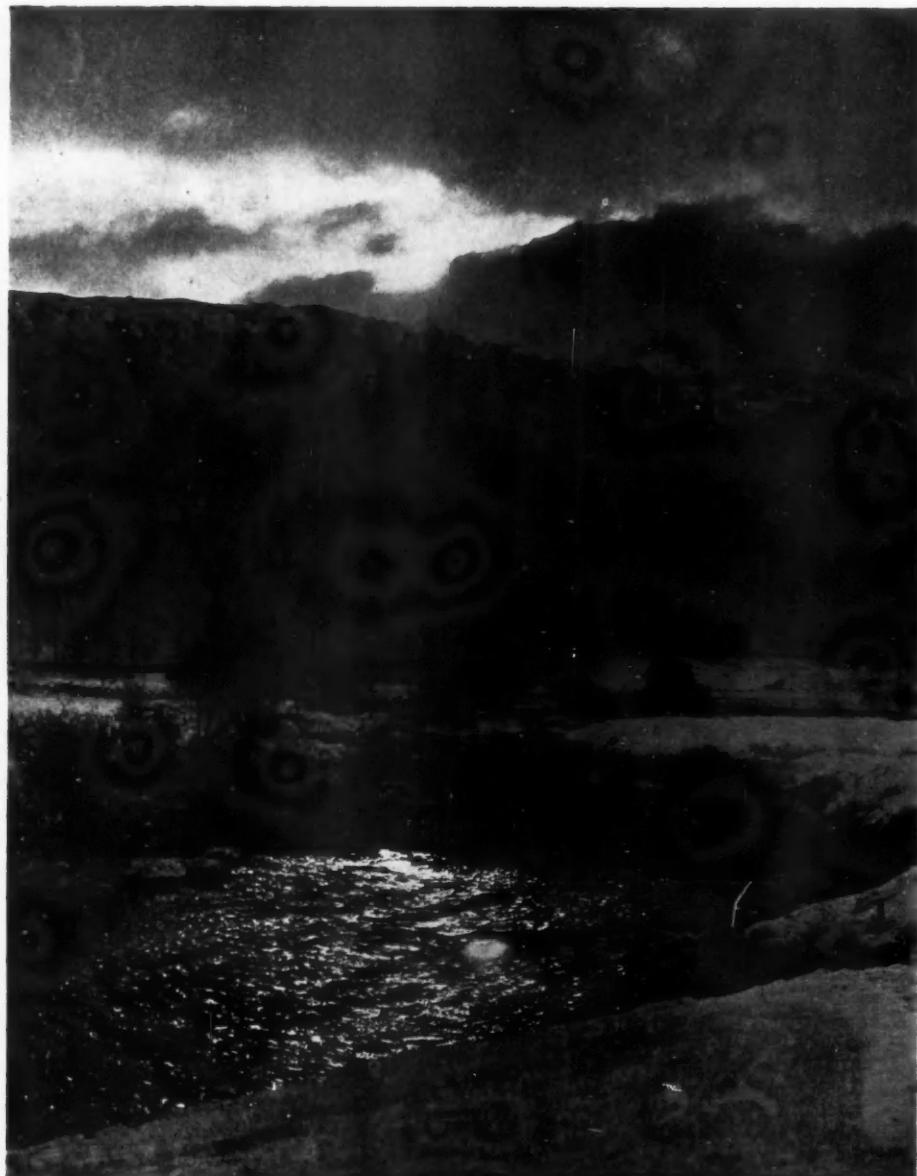
snows could rival those in the Alps. We have not the altitude in this country and we are too near the Atlantic with its moisture-laden atmosphere for the hills to retain their white mantle for any long period. Nevertheless, after a heavy fall, some enjoyable ski-ing may be experienced in Snowdonia, to say nothing of the magnificent walks which can be taken over its many high ridges.

February is the most promising winter month in which to visit this part of Britain, and Capel Curig, Carnarvonshire, is one of the best centres. Moel Siabod, rising to a height of 2,860ft., may be ascended from the village, the route being first through woods by a well marked path and then over grassy slopes which under snow conditions would offer safe transit. If the ascent were made on ski, skins could be used as far as the crest of the rocky summit ridge. From the cairn there is a grand run down to Pen-y-Gwryd over grassy slopes for about four miles. The return along the road would be practicable were there enough snow, the gentle slopes facilitating the journey.

The Carneddys to the north of the Holyhead road are not far from Capel, and at several places I have seen skiers enjoying the runs down over the grassy slopes on the south of these hills. In this part, Pen yr Hel i-du offers the greatest possibilities. The hill rises steeply from Cwm Eigiau on the north but falls gently to the south as far as the road, a distance of about two miles. The only obstacle is near the lower part of the run, where there is an aqueduct, but this may be crossed by a bridge.

The west side of Snowdon, from the summit down to Llanberis, following the railway, should offer good ski runs after a heavy snowfall. For the experienced walker, the Snowdon Horse-shoe makes a grand expedition, perhaps the finest in Britain. Starting from Pen-y-Pass on the crest of the Llanberis Pass, the circuit over the highest peak in Wales and back covers about 10 miles. The best route is to ascend Crib-goch, cross its narrow ridge, avoiding the Pinnacles if desired, and then continue over Crib-y-ddysgyl to Carnedd Ugain. From the cairn there is a gentle drop down to the place where the zig-zags of the Pyg Track join the railway.

The summit of Snowdon is only a few minutes from here, and on a clear winter day the panorama is one of the most magnificent and expansive in the country. The route then descends in a south-easterly direction to the



SUNSET OVER MOEL SIABOD, WHICH MAY BE ASCENDED FROM CAPEL CURIG

pass separating the peak from Lliwedd, in summer the playground of our most expert rock climbers. The three peaks are easily traversed, and then the descent to Llyn Llydaw is made down slopes which sometimes offer possibilities for glissading.

Another grand expedition is over the ridge of the Glyders which lies between the Holyhead road on the north and the Nantygwyrd road on the south. The best starting point is Helyg, the Climbers' Club Hut on the Ogwen road, some two and a half miles from Capel. I was fortunate enough to make this expedition after a heavy snowfall last February, when the brilliant sunshine and powdery snow were reminiscent of Switzerland.

My companion and I left Helyg about 3.30 and instead of ascending Tryfan by the left ridge, we climbed up that to the east of Cwm. At first our progress was slow owing to the great depth of snow where ski would have facilitated our efforts. On attaining the wind-swept ridge we moved more easily, and the crevices of Tryfan on our right rose into the sky like the towers of a titanic cathedral, seeming truly Alpine dimensions. Ahead of the spires of Bristley Ridge glistened in the morning sunshine.

We encountered deep snowdrifts on the ridge where the route to Pen-y-Gwryd passes over to the south. We followed the rim of Cwm Tryfan towards Glyder-fach, and, to attain the summit of this 3,262ft. peak, we had to force our way through deep snow among the chaotically arranged boulders which characterize it. These presented a fantastic appearance, being covered with frozen snow and ice crystals, more reminiscent of the Arctic than the hills of Britain. We ate our sandwiches here and basked in the warm sunshine out of the wind, continuing our walk afterwards towards the Castle of the Winds.

In summer it is easy enough to avoid this obstacle which stands on the narrowest part of the ridge, by passing the boulders lower down on the south side. On this occasion, however, the snow was so deep that we had to climb over the Castle, and to do so it was necessary to cut steps with our ice-axes to ensure a safe passage. Beyond this on our right, the Gribin Ridge looked formidable with about 10ft. of snow lying round its summit rocks. We followed the rim of the Nameless Cwm, looking down into its eerie depths as we progressed towards the outcrops of rock on Glyder-fawr.

Many of these excrescences presented an arresting appearance with their surfaces decorated by beautiful ice formations. Meantime, Snowdon, away on our left, began to develop a cloud-cap as the afternoon wore on. We left the summit rocks regretfully, for the winter landscape around us presented one of its most beautiful aspects. We descended steeply in the direction of the Devil's Kitchen and encountered some of the deepest snow we had ever experienced on the British hills. This chasm looked the grimdest we had seen it, with long icicles hanging over its awe-inspiring depths.

We retraced our steps in the direction of Esgair Felen and half way up the western slopes met such hard frozen snow that we had to cut steps to attain the ridge. The sun had now gone down behind Snowdon and it was getting late, as our progress during the last hour had been slow. We knew that our chauffeur at Pen-y-Pass would be anxious if we did not meet him there by six o'clock as arranged. We plunged down the boulder-strewn slopes high above Llanberis Pass and were reminded of the realities of war when a Spitfire raced through this defile some hundreds of feet below us. The going was now slow and laborious owing to the great snowdrifts. We often sank in to our armpits and frequently rolled out as the only means of extricating ourselves.

We were an hour late arriving at Pen-y-Pass, and our driver was going to organise a search-party had we not turned up before dark. We felt tired after the exertions of the day, but a hot bath and suitable refreshment at our hotel at Capel put us in good order for a fresh expedition on the morrow.

A few days later there was a rapid rise in the temperature and it started to rain. In quite a short time the grass began to show on the hills and the rivers were soon in spate. Forty-eight hours later the snow had disappeared.



GLYDER-FAWR FROM THE CASTLE OF THE WINDS



SNOWDON SEEN FROM LLYN LLYDAW



"CHAOTICALLY ARRANGED" BOULDERS OF GLYDER-FACH



1.—ON THE BANKS OF THE MOLE. THE SOUTH FRONT OF THE HOUSE WITH THE CHURCH STEEPLE TO THE LEFT

THE MANOR HOUSE, STOKE D'ABERNON, SURREY—II

THE HOME OF THE LATE VISCOUNT D'ABERNON

The house, re-built by Sir Francis Vincent in 1742-45 possibly from designs by Leoni, is fifteenth-century in origin and stands on the site of mediæval and pre-conquest predecessors. Lord D'Abernon resumed possession of the home of his ancestors in 1933

TO-DAY one cannot look at the Manor House but as the background of a great Englishman's last years : as the home of Edgar Vincent, first Viscount D'Abernon and sixteenth Baronet of Stoke D'Abernon. "Few men," Mr. Harold Nicolson lately wrote of him in *The Spectator*, "have been able to gather so fine a vintage from life's varied vineyard. He acquired riches, honours and power; he had been soldier, traveller, banker, politician and diplomatist; he could estimate and create good literature; his knowledge of art was discriminating and wide; he could speak with sportsmen on their own level; he was intimate with the greatest men of his age; he was an important Englishman at a time

when Englishmen were immensely important; and at the summit of his life he was able to mould history into channels which, if adhered to, might well have spared us the insanity in which we live to-day." With his pointed beard, massive brow and searching eyes, joined to a magnificent physique, Lord D'Abernon was in many respects an Elizabethan figure. His ashes, contained in a little Roman casket, have been placed in the chantry among the D'Abernon, Norbury, and Vincent memorials.

The last of the D'Abernons, as he may not inaccurately be called, was indeed the most outstanding personality of his ancient line, and the most remarkable owner of the manor house, which was the home of his

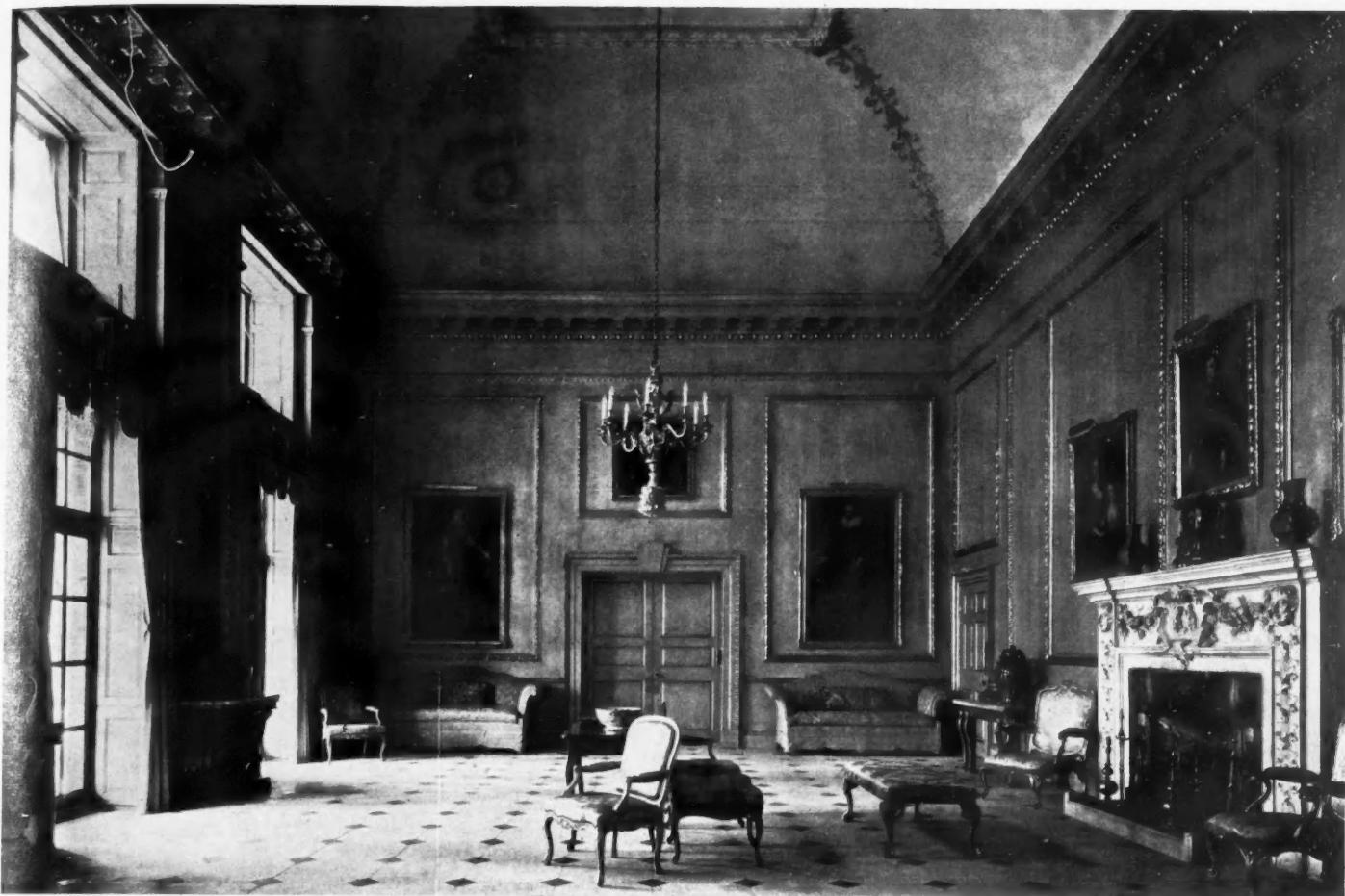
forebears for 700 years. From the Norman D'Abernons whose knightly brasses lie in the Saxon church he took his title when raised to the peerage in 1914; and in 1933 he may be said to have fulfilled not only an ambition of his own remarkable life, but the destiny of his family, by recovering possession of their historic home beside the little River Mole. For 150 years before that the association of the manor with the progeny of that Roger Daubernoun who was seated here in 1100 had been interrupted. The last of the line, with his partner in so many notable events and one of the most admired and charming ladies of a generation, not only then returned to the ancestral home but were able to restore family portraits that had long ago hung on its walls.

The venerable little church adjoining the garden of the manor house, as described last week, is extraordinarily rich in family memorials : of the D'Abernons who were its lords till 1359 and then of the Croziers, Norburys, Brays, and Lyfields to whom a series of inheritances through the female line successively carried it to Elizabethan times. Then Jane, the only daughter of Thomas Lyfield and of the sister and co-heiress of the second Lord Bray, married Thomas Vincent of Bernack, Northamptonshire. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth when she stayed at Stoke D'Abernon in the last summer of her life. Sir Thomas and his lady's painted effigies lie in the church and she is the rather hard-featured woman whose portrait hangs above the saloon chimney-piece (Fig. 4).

The Vincents held land in the manor of Swinford, Leicestershire, in Edward II's reign, inheriting Bernack (or Barnack, where the famous mediæval quarries are situated near Stamford) in the fifteenth century. Thomas Vincent exchanged his property at Barnack with Thomas Cecil, Earl of Exeter, for lands nearer to his wife's estate, and for 200 years Stoke D'Abernon remained the home of the Vincents, the present house being a Georgian reconstruction of the mediæval building. In one of the first-floor bedrooms, and in a small gallery overlooking the saloon, can be seen (Fig. 5) sections of the timber framework of the earlier house. This



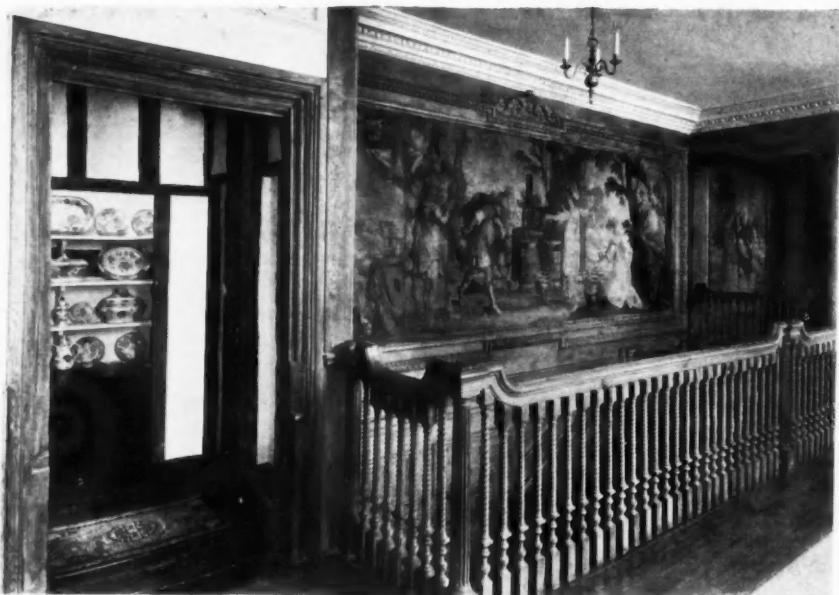
2.—THE DRAWING-ROOM, LOOKING THROUGH TO THE SALOON Hung with green damask. Sargent's portrait of Viscountess D'Abernon to the left of the door



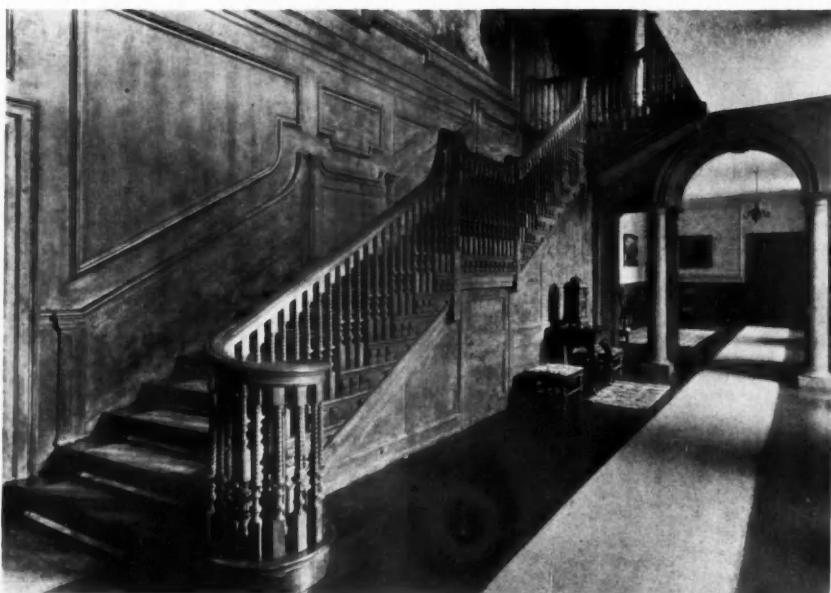
3.—THE SALOON. A STATELY GEORGIAN HALL WITH PINE-COLOURED WALLS PICKED OUT IN GILT
It fills the forecourt space between the wings of the mediæval house



4.—CHIMNEY-PIECE IN THE SALOON: ACCOMPLISHED ROCOCO STONE CARVING
Above, the portrait of Jane Lyfield, the heiress of Stoke D'Abernon, who married Sir Thomas Vincent



5.—AT THE HEAD OF THE EARLY GEORGIAN STAIRCASE
Timbers of the mediæval walling and a sixteenth-century doorway are seen on the left



6.—THE STAIRCASE AND ENTRY HALL, RUNNING PARALLEL WITH THE SALOON
On the site of the great hall of the mediæval house



7.—THE OAK PARLOUR RETAINS THE CHARACTER OF THE OLD HOUSE

together with the internal structure of the roof, which is of massive oak, indicates that this was an E or U shaped building, with the wings projecting southward to form a forecourt. In 1742-45 this was re-built or encased in brick and the forecourt roofed over to form the present lofty saloon. The mediæval great hall must therefore have occupied the site of the existing staircase hall (Fig. 6) which runs parallel to the saloon on the north. The little Adam boudoir (Fig. 11) at the west end of the stair hall is probably on the site of the mediæval parlour, and the adjoining drawing-room (Fig. 2), now opening off the saloon, occupied the remainder of the original south-west wing. The dining-room, east of the saloon, represents the other wing. The visible sections of original timber-framed walls are thus the projecting returns of these wings.

From the character of these fragments it is probable that the timber house existed when Sir Henry Norbury inherited the manor in 1461. He was son of Henry V's Treasurer, and his son Sir John added the chantry chapel to the church in about 1490, it is believed as a thank-offering for the victory of Henry Tudor at Bosworth. But no doubt succeeding generations made many changes to the manor house. A doorway with the Vincent arms, now part of the stables, dates from Sir Thomas's time; prior to the 1745 reconstruction an oak-panelled gallery is said to have occupied the first floor of the east wing—which suggests a Jacobean alteration; and the pine main staircase is of early Georgian type, in which case it may have been inserted in the mediæval great hall before the 1745 reconstruction. Subsequent additions to the house were made in 1903 for Mr. Noel Phillips, when the loggia along the south side and the entrance porch were designed by Sir Aston Webb. Some careful restorations of original features were carried out for Lord D'Abernon by Mr. H. H. Harding.

Entry to the house, latterly, has been by the porch on the north side and so into the staircase hall. Previously it was no doubt from the river side (Fig. 1) directly into the two-storeyed saloon (Fig. 3)—a much larger and more impressive apartment than the relatively modest scale of the exterior might lead one to expect. With its great coved ceiling, the saloon is more characteristic of the style of William Kent than of the date of its actual construction, when the lighter rococo taste—duly represented in the very richly carved stone chimney-piece—was at the height of its vogue. The full cornice and enriched plaster mouldings of the walls, now painted pine colour, are picked out in gilt. The designer, it is evident from the assured handling of the room and of the external elevations, must have been an architect of some distinction. The general character of the work, more particularly the simplicity of the exterior and the retention of so Palladian a feature as the saloon at this late date, is reminiscent of Giacomo Leoni (died 1746), with whose work in 1735 at Clandon near Guildford for Lord Onslow, the re-builder of Stoke D'Abernon must have been familiar.

Although the re-building took place in the life-time of Sir Henry Vincent, sixth baronet, he was, at the date assigned to the work, 1742-45, an elderly man with 12 more years before him. For him to have entirely reconstructed his home so late in life must betoken some unusual circumstance. It can be no coincidence that his son Francis in 1741 married the heiress of a London banker, David Kilmaine. Indeed, family records assign the rebuilding to Francis Vincent, although he had not yet succeeded to the baronetcy, and the inference is that Sir Henry made over Stoke D'Abernon to his son and his rich wife, or else was prevailed upon to forestall her inheritance in bringing the old house up to date. The poor lady did not live to see the new house completed, for she died in 1744. Her relict married in the following year Miss Mary Howard, a granddaughter of Lord Howard of Effingham. The portrait of Sir Francis (Fig. 1), painted in 1772, wearing a grey velvet coat and a gorgeous embroidered waistcoat, hangs on the wall of the saloon behind the observer in Fig. 3, together with that of his third wife, Arabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Ashley. With a smaller portrait of his second son, Henry Dormer Vincent, and two



8.—ARTHUR DEVIS : A LADY OF THE VINCENT FAMILY



9.—A NYMPH, BY THE REV. WILLIAM PETERS



10.—SIR FRANCIS VINCENT, SEVENTH BARONET, BY ROMNEY, 1772

others not in the collection, these are among the earliest portraits of George Romney in his mature style, painted only a decade after he came to London from his native Westmorland, an unknown and self-taught youth. A letter from him dated October 30, 1772, is preserved, stating that the five portraits are being despatched to The White Lion, Cobham, a posting-house still in existence (see *Some Early Romneys*, by W. Roberts, *The Connoisseur*, June, 1932). The pictures had at that date recently been acquired by the late Sir F. D'A. Vincent, Lord D'Abernon's brother, at Sotheby's, from Mr. T. J. H. Lane of Kings Bromwich Manor, Lichfield. They had no doubt passed into the Lane family by the marriage of a great-grand-daughter of Sir Francis Vincent, who died in 1775, to Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. B. Lane. It remained to Lord D'Abernon to restore them to the house for which they were painted. He also brought back with him the portraits by Kneller, on either side of Jane Lyfield's picture (Fig. 4), of Sir Francis as a boy, and his mother and sister, the latter afterwards the Countess of Clanricarde; and the full-lengths (Fig. 3), attributed to Daniel Mytens, of Sir Francis Vincent, first Baronet, and his wife Sara, daughter of Sir Amyas Paulett, whose Jacobean monument also lies in the chantry.

A double doorway of unusual proportions opens into the drawing-room (Fig. 2), which was evidently given a new ceiling by Sir Aston Webb. Its walls are hung with dark green damask, against which Italian Renaissance pictures, including a small El Greco (St. Francis), show well, also Sargent's well-known portraits of Lord and Lady D'Abernon, the latter seen to the left of the door. The chimney-piece is contemporary with the house—a graceful classical design typical of Lord Burlington's circle. The furnishings of both these rooms—much early Georgian carved and gilt pieces or Louis XV—have been well chosen for their setting.

A jib door in the corner of the drawing-room opens into a boudoir which has the big semi-

circular bow forming the centre of the south front. It is beautifully decorated in the Adam style (Fig. 11), with pale blue silk hangings and, behind the photographer, a range of recessed bookshelves divided by pilasters and surmounted by a lunette, partially visible in the mirror over the fireplace. The furniture, again, is exquisitely chosen—Adam and Directoire painted white and gilt.

The staircase hall, to which we return, has been stripped of various coats of paint and its upper walls hung with some fine pieces of Mortlake tapestry from the Abraham series (e.g. *Rebecca at the Well*). A Venetian arch with oak pillars carries the upper flight, and screens off the entry hall. The dining-room, with panelled walls of 1742 and a ceiling similar to that of the drawing-room, contains an outstanding Reynolds group of Judge Dunning

and his sister. It was he who made the famous (and topical) dictum: "The powers of the Crown have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished." Opening off the hall and contained in the north wing is a small oak-panelled parlour (Fig. 7), retaining something of the character of the earlier house. Among the pictures are a Siamese *Madonna and Child* by Alegretto Nuzi, and the well-known portrait of Gainsborough Dupont, nephew of the painter, which is related to have been on his easel when he died. Another picture in the house, of the same period, is one of the bewitching damsels painted by the Rev. William Peters—an artist who took Holy Orders in order to be the first Chaplain of the original Royal Academy. It is a contrast in all respects to the delightful Arthur Devis, hung in the drawing-room, of a lady of the family circa 1730 (Fig. 8).

After Sir Francis, seventh Baronet, died, Stoke D'Abernon, under the terms of a marriage settlement of his time, was sold. Sir Francis, eighth Baronet, was the last Ambassador to Venice in 1790; his son, also Sir Francis, was an Under-Secretary of State to Charles James Fox. Sir Frederick, eleventh Baronet, was long Rector of Slinfold, Sussex, dying in 1883.

Ultimately three of his seven sons succeeded to the baronetcy, of whom the youngest was Lord D'Abernon. Sir Anthony Vincent, great-grandson of the Rev. Sir Frederick, died in 1936 aged 42, leaving two daughters, when the title went to his great-uncle Sir Frederick D'Abernon Vincent, who died the same year. Lord D'Abernon thus became the sixteenth baronet.

The purchaser from the Vincents was Paul Vaillant, of London. In 1803 his son sold the property to Mr. Hugh Smith, after whose death it was bought in 1846 by the Rev. F. P. Phillips who became squarson of Stoke D'Abernon. It was from his descendant that the house, with a much smaller acreage of land than had formerly surrounded it, was bought by Lord D'Abernon in 1933.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



11.—LADY D'ABERNON'S SITTING-ROOM
Decorated in the Adam style with pale blue silk hangings

FOUR O'CLOCK ROBIN

By LIONEL EDWARDS

I WAS riding home one August eve after a day with the Devon and Somerset Staghounds, sometimes known as the Holiday Hunt from its popularity with holiday-makers, and I paused at some cross-lanes. The names on the signpost conveyed little to me, a stranger, but while I hesitated, up rode a youngish man, who resolved my doubts. Indeed, he kept me company as well as guided me on the homeward journey. He was a pleasant fellow and seemed to have an exceptional knowledge of the "Forest." I concluded he was a local inhabitant, but it was not so, for he told me he was really a clerk in a London office, and that for several years he had saved up for an annual "bust" in the West Country, and thus his knowledge had been slowly acquired. He was an indefatigable holiday-maker, and on non-hunting days he rose at cockcrow and walked or cycled many miles to whip moorland streams for diminutive trout (I gathered he was not very particular whose water he fished!), but anyhow, it was these early hours that caused the inhabitants to nickname him Four O'clock Robin, and the name has stuck.

It was many years later when we met again. I was on a business tour in the Principality and had taken the precaution of asking a friend if he could get me any fishing. He

replied by sending me an open letter of introduction which read as follows:

"Mr. Thomas Richard Harry, a fellow club-mate of mine and a keen fisherman, is on a 'business holiday' in your district. It would be really kind if you could manage to show him a day's sport. Hoping I am not giving you too much trouble, I remain, ——."

I duly arrived, far from jubilant over the sunny weather and full of apologies for encroaching on the time and good nature of a stranger, when I suddenly realised that my host was none other than Four O'clock Robin. The recognition was mutual. We had a long gap to fill, and he told me that he had had many ups and downs in the interval, including losing his little all by investing it in his employer's business, which had promptly gone west! He had to start again and fortunately struck lucky, becoming a branch manager (as he still was) of that well-known firm Messrs. Standbye and Donowt, who, as you will remember, have branches almost everywhere.

I must say he did his best for me, but it was not fishing weather, and I had no luck at all—possibly because it was too late in the season also. However, Robin was full of hospitality and suggested that the gun might be more profitable than the rod, and, if I could

get away on Saturday morning, what about spending the week-end with a farmer friend of his in the hills? Sport might not be great, but there were always mountain hares and an odd rabbit or two.

We reached our destination after a five-mile walk, all up hill, and the last part in semi-darkness. The farmhouse was very old and quite small—a kitchen and store-room below and attics above. It was, in fact, an almost perfect specimen of an old Welsh cottage. The kitchen had an open fireplace with a large oak beam overhead, or, rather, not overhead for most people, as these lintel beams are not much over 5ft. from the floor! On one side of the fire was a bread oven, on the other a cupboard sunk into the thickness of the wall. Behind the fireplace, also in the wall, was a circular stone stairway leading to the upper floor. There was one small room boarded off which was the guest-chamber and in which we were destined to sleep. The rest was merely open space in which were sundry box beds, backs turned to one another, as an apology for decency, where the entire family slept. Such washing as necessity compelled was done in the stream which ran outside the door.

In the kitchen there was a deal table set under a tiny deep-set window; a large settle and an armchair in the fire-nook; a fine oak dresser (which the dealers, ever in search of hidden treasure, had bid for in vain); and a grandfather clock, made in the next county about a hundred years previously, as far as I could judge by its face. On the ceiling beams were sides of bacon, an old gun, several hats, walking-sticks, etc.

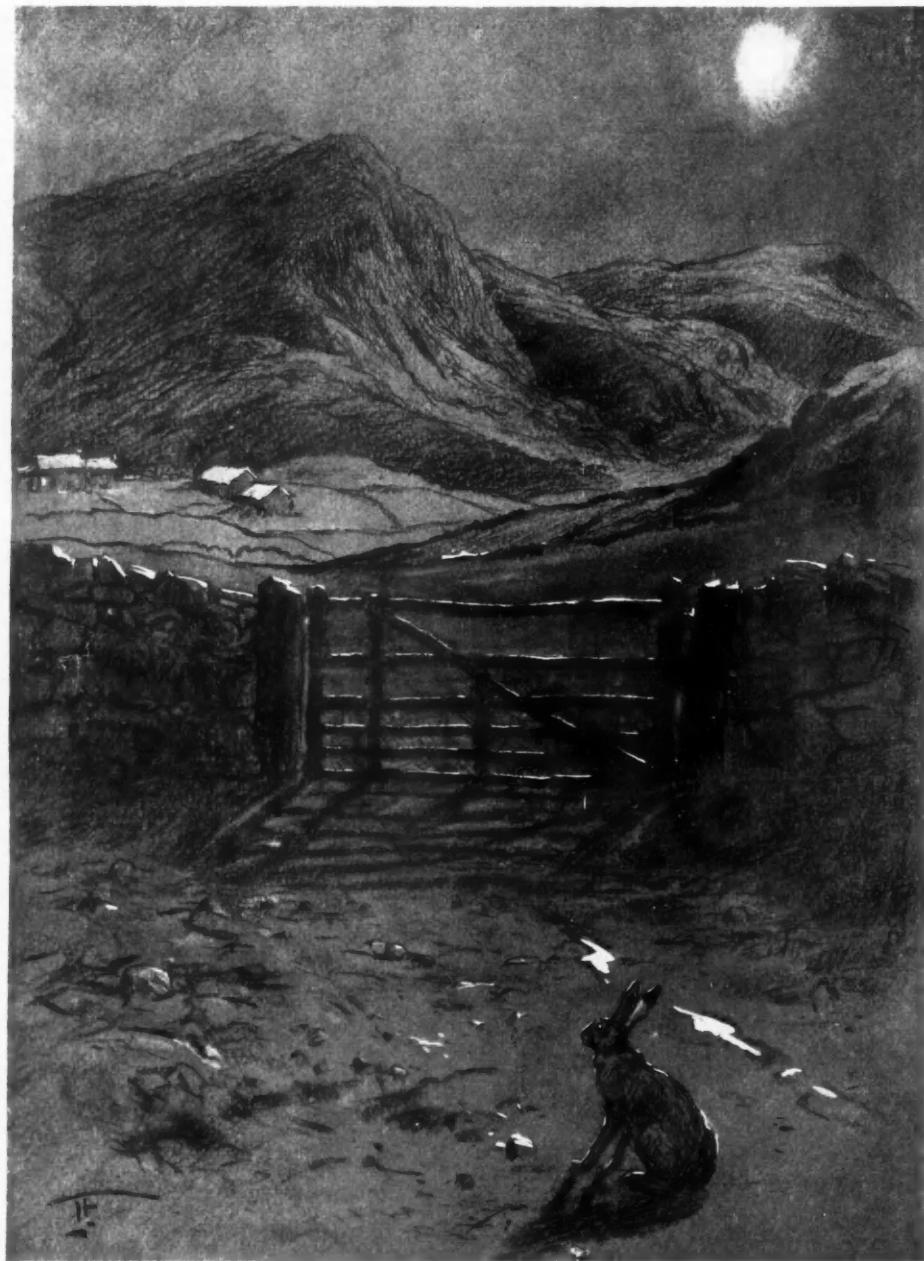
Doubtless modern sanitary inspectors would have condemned the whole thing, but it was none the less a home, and the inhabitants were very content with their surroundings and would have greatly resented any change. I don't blame them. These old Welsh cottages have a great charm—the charm of old associations—the feeling that they are likeable and have been lived in and loved throughout the passing years.

Our host was of the Iberian type of Welshman—small, dark, keen-eyed, with a merry twinkle in those dark eyes and a mirthful smile ever hovering around his mobile lips. His voice was horrid, high and harsh in speech, but in song a tender tenor, born of the mellow mists of the mountain-side. His children were small replicas of himself, speaking better English than the parents, which, as they always conversed in the mother tongue, was due to be forgotten after school age. They had the national gift of music and an extraordinarily early developed faculty for part-singing. It was obvious that music was their delight, and in consequence our evenings were generally musical.

I am far from sure that those melodies, so often in a minor key, bespoke a sacred theme! In fact, I gathered from Robin that some of the older songs were distinctly Rabelaisian ditties. (Robin had picked up Welsh with comparative ease. It was in his blood. His father, it is true, was a Border Scotsman, but his mother hailed from the hills of northern Wales.) The farmer would sit at the table beating time with his forefinger while the children stood in a row in front of him. They sang with joyous sincerity; it was their only method of expressing themselves and a refuge from the rather sordid monotony of work on a very small and poverty-stricken farm.

Our meals were invariably bacon and eggs. But what bread! Home baked, not quite brown nor yet white, spread with salted fresh butter, for they savour with salt even fresh butter in the hills—an acquired taste, but like it. All meals were accompanied by tea (strong and stewed). Short-lived, icy ablutions in the morn and a draughty bedroom were the only shortcomings, but it all had a great charm, and when on departure our host suggested that Robin should bring me again some day I jumped at it.

One feels it almost as a duty to one's better self to conjure up excuses for one's share in lapses here to be confessed. Indeed, confession is only made in after years, when the enormity of the crime has grown somewhat thin, and now



"SHE SAT UP WITH COCKED EARS, LISTENING FOR THE PURSUING DOGS.
I THREW MY CAP AND SHE TURNED AND FLED"

I feel that I have but introduced Robin to share the blame for my own downfall! However, be that as it may, business again found me in the district the following autumn, and mid-October found us back at our mountain farm.

A fruitless morning was spent in search of an early woodcock. At lunch my friend and I were glum at the prospect of an equally unprofitable afternoon. A discussion on probabilities of sport (remote) was broken in upon by the suggestion of the farmer that there might be a salmon in the river. No audible comment, but three pairs of eyes met, and three men arose and went out silently. I was full of expectancy of new experiences and puzzled to see no special preparations made. At least I expected a net from the dark of the hayloft, or at any rate a gaff or a spear (*tryfer*, in Welsh). Let no. We proceeded empty-handed to the river (a mountain stream really). The farmer commented favourably on the low water and took us to a bend in the stream overhung by shadowy trees. The water seemed too ridiculously low to hold a salmon, and large boulders protruded all over the river bed.

From boulder to boulder the farmer made his way, pausing a moment or two on each, sinking on his knees and holding his hat over the water so that he might peer into the shadowed depth beneath.

At length he turned a beaming face and beckoned me to him. I went, and together we lay on the boulder, while he pointed to a ghostly grey streak under the overhang of the rock. As we watched the grey streak waved slightly, and I recognised it as the tail of a fish.

The farmer rolled up his shirt-sleeves, and a long sinewy arm slid silently beneath the water. A tense moment, seeming an age—a pull, a struggle, a splash, and up came a salmon tailed in iron fingers. The fish was small, but our exultation was not to be measured by pounds avoirdupois.

We tried one or two more likely places but drew blank. Eventually we arrived at a pool where two streams met—a roundish pool about 40ft. in diameter and 10ft. to 12ft. deep in the middle, and therein we spotted a fish of about 9lb. A few deftly thrown stones drove him under the shelter of the overhanging banks, when the three of us proceeded to crawl along the edge on our bellies and grope for him under the overhanging banks. Every now and then one of us would get just a feel of the fish as he slid by, but he always eluded a hold.

Presently he went out into the deep water and sulked. No stone would budge him, and we were apparently beaten. But no. My resourceful friend whipped off his clothes and took a header into the middle of the pool. This was too much for Mr. Salmon, and he again sought refuge under the banks, my friend swimming round to prevent him from breaking out again. The farmer and I renewed our efforts, but the peaty mud got churned up all over the pool. Moreover my friend was numb with cold, so we gave it up and left the good old fish to well deserved victory.

I must relate one more experience at our Welsh farm with my friend Robin. There was a frost, early in February, so hard that even the running streams were ice-bound, and the woodcock which we had hoped to find had all been driven, in search of food, to the mud-flats at the river mouth some six miles below.

We came in at dusk, disconsolate after a blank day, and sat down in the kindly warmth and refreshed the inner man with eggs, bread and butter and tea.

My friend and the farmer were jabbering away in Welsh, of which language I knew merely a word or two, but several times I caught the word "ysgyfarnog," and the conversation proceeded with ever-increasing vivacity. "Ysgyfarnog" I knew meant a hare, and I was puzzled to know the connection between the hare and the animated talk. It eventually appeared that the ever-resourceful farmer was explaining how the emptiness of our bag might be rectified, even at this late hour. About eight p.m. we turned out and paid a visit to the stable loft, whence were unearthed three nets. From a bed we got three sheepdogs.

Now, in order to picture subsequent proceedings it is necessary to explain to the uninitiated the customary surroundings of Welsh hill farms. Firstly, and immediately around the farms are a few small fields; beyond these a stretch of semi-enclosed rough pasture, patched over with scrub oak, gorse, bracken,

and often bog myrtle, and dividing these roughs from the open mountain sheepwalks are high, dry-built stone walls with, at long intervals, gateways.

Now, these intervening scrublands form a perfect lie for hares, and in hard weather the mountain hares come down for shelter.

On this particular night, as our little posse of men and dogs set out, the moon shone brilliantly in a cloudless heaven and the frozen ground rang under our footsteps as we made our several ways to our respective gateways.

Across each gateway a net was stretched, and in charge of each net was a man, hidden in the deep shadow of the adjacent wall.

A long, silent watch persisted in the almost unearthly stillness of that starry night. Then in the distance a faint, shrill whistle, intelligible only to the dogs, starting them off to beat the roughs. Again silence awhile, but presently, afar off, an eager yap-yap, betokened the finding of a feeding hare. Then a clamour of tongues, now here, now there, as though several hares were afoot.

Intervals of silence followed, and presently, as I lay in the black shadow of the wall, I heard the sound as of a horse galloping, drawing nearer and nearer. The sound was in my ears, and behold, within a few feet, and close upon the net, was a hare. She sat up with cocked ears, listening for the pursuing dogs. There was a piteousness about the whole pro-

ceeding which suddenly appealed. It seemed a sort of sacrilege on that peaceful night, so I threw my cap at the hare and she turned and fled. It was not too soon, for I heard the sound of thunderous feet, and two sheepdogs appeared in hot pursuit, paused a moment at the gateway, then, picking up the line of the hare, vanished into the night.

There has always remained with me a sense of wonderment at the extraordinary resonance of that night air and frost-bound ground. It seemed unbelievable that soft pads could have produced those thunderous beats, but it was so; and again I have wondered at the way those sheepdogs, alone and without guiding word or whistle, beat over all that stretch of rough land. No doubt they were old hands at the game. Still, it was wonderful, even to me, who had seen them work the sheep on the hillsides.

We foregathered. The farmer was carrying a hare. I hope it was not my own particular beastie.

On our way homewards the dogs suddenly set off in full cry, as I thought after a hare, but the farmer said: "They are only after a hedgehog; I know well, by the difference in their bark." He was right, for we eventually came up with the dogs, doing a moonlight war-dance round a belated hedgehog.

And so home, much pleased, and maybe thinking with Byron: "The devil's in the moon for mischief."

THE LEADING Sires

HYPERION, COLOMBO AND MIEUXCE

THE story of Hyperion reads like a romantic novel. Way back in the early days of the present century, Lord Derby, or his father before him, or really both father and son, owned the two stallions Chaucer and Swynford, who were respectively by St. Simon and by John o' Gaunt and came from Canterbury Pilgrim, a daughter of the Ascot Gold Cup and dual Champion Stakes victor Tristan, who had victories in the Oaks, the Park Hill Stakes, a Liverpool Cup and a Jockey Club Cup of in all £6,475 to her credit.

Enamoured with the racing record and the ancestry of this mare, Lord Derby, who succeeded to the earldom in 1908, decided to venture, as one of his early ancestors did, upon the always experimental and often dangerous pastime of inbreeding, so repaired to the December Sales of 1912 and there bought from Mr. Hall Walker—later to become Lord Wavertree—a mare called Gondolette carrying a foal by the Derby winner Minoru, for 1,550gs.

A ten-year-old mare by Canterbury Pilgrim's half-brother Loved One, Gondolette was already responsible for five foals, among whom were the Whitsuntide Plate winner Great Sport (£2,063); the Dewhurst Plate and Champion Stakes victor Let Fly (£6,381) and Dolabella the grandmother of H.M. King George's youngster Big Game. For Lord Derby she did even better as, after foaling the foal she was carrying to Minoru—later to be called Serenissima—she was mated up with Chaucer and became responsible for the One Thousand Guineas heroine Ferry. To Chaucer, again, she foaled Casa d'Oro, dam of the Kempton Park Great "Jubilee" Handicap winner Inflation; to Swynford she foaled Sansovino, who scored in the Ham Stakes, the Gimcrack Stakes, the Derby and other events of in all £17,732, and before his death last year had sired the winners, including Sandwich who scored in the St. Leger of 1931, of 205½ races carrying £113,168¾ in stakes. To Swynford, again, Gondolette foaled Domenico, and then to Chaucer's son Stedfast the Redfern Two-Year-Old Stakes winner Piazetta (dam of Pisa and Giudecca) and Vendramina.

This, in all conscience, was a good enough return for Lord Derby's initial outlay, but there is more to be added, as the Minoru foal Serenissima, after proving successful in the Haverhill Stakes and one other event of, together, £333, became responsible for Venetia (£752) and the One Thousand Guineas and St. Leger winner Tranquil (£21,909). Serenissima foaled, also, Schiavoni who earned brackets in a Liverpool Spring Cup and other events of £1,949; Composure, the dam of Haytime and Fair Copy; the Ascot Gold Cup victor Bos-

worth (sire of the Cesarewitch winner Filator) and Hyperion's dam Selene.

A daughter of Chaucer and the second foal of her dam, Selene proved successful in 15½ races, including the Liverpool Autumn Cup, the Park Hill Stakes and the Hampton Court Great Three-Year-Old Stakes, of £14,386, and then foaled Sickle (£3,915) and Pharamond (£3,695) who are both successful sires in America; Hunter's Moon (£4,999) a leading sire in Argentina, and Guiscard (£3,132). Her famous son Hyperion won the Derby, the St. Leger and seven other events of, in all, £29,509, and in the four seasons in which his stock have been running has sired the winners of 89½ races, which include substitute One Thousand Guineas, Derby, Oaks and St. Leger, of £83,016.

The difference between the amount of stake-money won by the get of Hyperion this season and that of the produce of Colombo, who is the second most successful sire, is over £16,000, while against the £6,477 accredited to this horse's get, as the result of 18 victories, there is £4,904½ against the name of Sir Victor Sassoon's horse Mieuxce, who is third upon the list and is responsible for the winners of 10 races.

This is a wide difference that would have been wider had we been racing in peace-time with peace-time stakes, but there it is, and all due credit must be handed out to Colombo and Mieuxce upon the places that they fill. By the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby winner Manna—from Lady Nairne, a half-sister to the Two Thousand Guineas winner Ellangowan—Colombo, who was bred at the Compton Stud and cost 510gs. as a yearling, was unbeaten as a youngster, with brackets in the Spring Stakes at Newmarket, the Scarborough Sweepstakes, the New Stakes at Ascot, the Fulbourne Stakes, the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and the Imperial Produce Plate to his name. In his second season he won the Craven Stakes and the Two Thousand Guineas and ran third to Windsor Lad and Easton in the Derby. In all, stakes of £26,228 came his way, and since his first runners appeared, in 1928, he has been responsible for the winners of 43 races carrying £26,066 in prize-money.

The youngest of the three horses and just embarking upon his career as a sire, Mieuxce is a French-bred son of the French-bred Ascot Gold Cup victor Massine from L'Olivete, a granddaughter of the Ascot Gold Cup winner Maximum II. A winner of the French Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris and three other races in France, Mieuxce was purchased by Sir Victor Sassoon and imported into this country, where, with Bois Roussel and Atout Maitre, he should do a great deal to help in the revival of the tail-male St. Simon line. ROYSTON.

TACTICS

IN the nature of things we hear to-day a great deal about strategy and tactics. In happier days we used to hear a great deal about tactics on the links, and I only hope that what we are told about them in war is sounder sense than most of what we were told about them in golf. There are those who would lead us to believe that there is a deep mystery about golfing tactics. This is largely nonsense. Golf is not primarily a game that tends to tactics since one player does not directly attack the other; our actions have only an indirect effect on our opponents. The best tactics at golf are to hit the ball as well as we can.

Of course there is a certain obvious and not at all profound or mysterious wisdom in "playing to the score," in eschewing risks when they are palpably unnecessary and in running them when it appears the only hope. Yet even so in this last case how often should we have done better had we not tried some desperate stroke, because we foolishly deemed our enemy infallible? Nobody has ever had a greater or better deserved reputation as a match player than Mr. John Ball, and he did not appear to watch his opponent very closely. On being told that his enemy was in a bunker he would answer that he had not seen and that anyhow his job was to get his four. He tried to play as well as he could and let the other fellow look after himself. In modern language he was inclined to play against par, and it was Mr. Bobby Jones's discovery of this plan that made him "break through" and win Amateur Championships instead of just losing them.

Foursomes do give a greater scope for tactics than singles, but here again there is nothing recondite. One example is of course the question as to which holes each partner is to drive at, and on this point I have heard sound arguments produced by opposite schools of thought. The obvious course is that the better player should take the more difficult tee shots, that is supposing the odd holes are in the aggregate perceptibly harder than the even, and *vice versa*. On the other hand there are those who say that he should take the easier ones. In that case, they argue, the side ought to be sure of at least a considerable number of tee shots clear of trouble, whereas the tee shots that are really narrow may catch the good driver as well as the bad.

Again there is the question of the one-shot holes. The majority of them, if there be a majority, are usually given to the stronger player; but the side will thereby lose the advantage of his additional power at the longer holes. Much of course depends on the qualities of the second string. Is he the second string because he lacks accuracy or because he lacks power? If he is, within his limitations, a straight player he had better have the short holes. There is another point not to be forgotten, namely, that the opposing pair have also to make their choice and it may be very important that an easily affected player on our side should not either be overawed by a longer hitter or lured into competition with him. That which was once, I gather, regarded as a classical example of good judgment in this respect is quoted in the Badminton volume. Old Tom Morris was going to play a big match with Bob Anderson against Allan Robertson and Willie Dunn. Anderson's name is now forgotten, but he was apparently in his day just about as good as anyone and particularly a very fine driver. On the other side Dunn was famous for his long driving, which is still commemorated in the "Crescent" or "Dunny" bunker far down the Elysian Fields at St. Andrews, into which he once drove at the Long-hole-in. Tom, convinced that Anderson must not be led into a hitting match with Dunn, persuaded him to drive against Allan whom he could leave behind with no trouble at all. The plan succeeded and they won the match handsomely.

Another opportunity for tactics, though I maintain it is really a limited one, is given in the deciding of the order in a team match. I remember, a few years ago, whenever the Ryder Cup match was imminent there used to be much talk writing about the great advantage that the American side would enjoy in having Walter Hagen as captain. It was implied that whoever was our leader would be "confounded and done

over" by this marvellous tactician. Now Hagen is an extremely shrewd person and up to every move in the game, but after all how many moves were open to him and what could he really do? He was an excellent captain; he could doubtless arrange his side in a sound order and doubtless also make a good guess at the other side's order; but these achievements were not beyond our powers. A good captain can do a great deal for his side in the matter of "jollying" them along, keeping them in good spirits, making them believe in themselves, preventing them from deeming their opponents supermen. All these virtues we saw exhibited in a high degree by our captain Mr. John Beck when at last we won the Walker Cup; but here are no sinister and recondite tactics.

Naturally the order of a team does matter, but it is always worth reflecting that one player can only play in one place and win one match; further that what is gained on the swings may be lost on the roundabouts. I remember well an occasion on which I was Captain of the England side against Scotland; it was the last time in which I played in the match, at St. Andrews in 1924. After I had decided on our order to the best of my ability, one or two people came to me, very secret and mysterious, and having something black-vizarded and Guy Fawkes-like in their demeanour, telling me that the enemy were going to do something "funny" with their order, that a famous player was to play lower than he ought and that I had better make a counter-move of an equally ingenious character. My answer was something in the nature of the

Duke of Wellington's to the blackmailing lady: "Publish and be d—d." We stuck to our order; the famous player won his single which he might well have done wherever he had played, and we won the match. I may have been guilty of laziness or lack of imagination, but I am inclined to think that I was just ordinarily and prosaically sensible.

There is, so I have been told, a point at which mathematics and philosophy impinge upon one another and only some two men alive are capable of appreciating it. So there comes a point where tactics verge on propaganda and it is hard to tell t'other from which. For example, in that rare but amusing form of golf, the worst ball match, the single player will be well advised to address his two adversaries something in this manner: "I am afraid this will be very dull for you two swells, but if you play a match against each other as well perhaps it will be better fun for you." If they fall into the trap and concentrate on beating each other it is extremely likely that the third insidious serpent will beat their worst ball.

I once played a series of such matches with Mr. de Montmorency and another, also now dead, alas! who had no great power but went straight and was a magnificent putter. Sometimes we won and sometimes he did, but I observed that when the subsidiary match between my partner and me was closest our worst ball was least successful. When it comes to telling an enemy either that he is driving farther than ever or that he does not seem quite so long as he used to be it is clear that the reign of propaganda has begun, and I did not write this article in order to give immoral advice.

NORTHERN UNION THROUGH A RUGBY UNION LENS

By E. H. D. SEWELL

I SHOULD be very much disappointed if any lover of the Northern Union form of Rugby football were to gain from this article the impression that I either have a "down" on the 13-a-side game, or cannot see that it has any fine points. In fact I do not wish to be considered to be writing as a critic of N.U. Rugby. I have never written critically about any game that I have not had the honour of playing in first-class company. I do not consider myself qualified, therefore, to criticise N.U. Rugby. I have never held the opinion that there is nothing in the Rugby Union game that is not better than anything in Northern Union Rugby. For one thing I have not seen enough of N.U. to have fathomed most of its niceties. Or at all events not enough to compensate me for having refused the chance of playing professionally for Broughton Rangers, which came my way in the dim and distant past.

I regret very much having missed that opportunity, because I was then just on 15st., could probably do the hundred in footer kit in about eleven and four-fifths, and for the first 40yds. or so of that should very likely have hurt more than would have damaged me. Also, the "free" place-kicking and the sky-scraping, not to say the frequency, of the punting business would have interested me quite a lot.

The kicking part of the N.U. game in the few matches that I have seen has generally disappointed me. I have found that it has often been exaggerated, alike as to accuracy and to length. "Free" place-kickers ought to be ashamed of themselves—even after making every allowance for wind, distance, slipping-up, and so on—for not getting better results with a dry ball. The best N.U. place-kicker I saw was H. H. Messenger—an Australian, if the memory serves—but I forgot the names of a brace of full-backs who were at the zenith of their much-trumpeted fame in a match under the arc lights at the White City when somebody was trying to popularise the game with an 8.30 or 9 p.m. kick-off. What a hope in our lovely autumn or winter climate! Perhaps my whetted ardour was cooled a bit by having to sit on a wet stone seat, or stand, or go home. Anyway, I was "not amused" at the sight of the puntings of these two backs who appeared to be engaged in an altitude contest. Their

actual "finding" of touch after the bounce would not have cut much ice for Richmond "A."

The lack of forward play was pronounced, but, having seen a lot of the A.S.C. team which, under the aegis of R. V. Stanley, played during much of the last war on Rugby grounds round London, that was not surprising. A ball that is out of a scrum (?) almost before it is in it savours more of butchering one of the best departments of real Rugby in order to make a Roman holiday than of true football. As a strict fact, an observer watching through Rugby Union lenses would have asked "When do the forwards begin to play forward?"

There was also somewhat of a famine in what Rugby Unionists know, when they see it, to be real tackling, and genuine going-down to the ball by backs to stop forward rushes. The reason for these two notable deficiencies is quite obvious to the initiated, though perhaps not to those unlucky people who have never played in a Rugby match but with whom going to watch the N.U. game is, not surprisingly, a pleasant recreation. This reason is that among professionals it does not pay to be either tackler or tackled. If the incident of A being downed by B happens to end in a smashed collar-bone or dislocated shoulder for A, though the tackle was scrupulously fair—and an absence of shady play has been quite a feature of the N.U. football I have seen—well, then, that's just too bad. Not, however, as you might think, only for A, but for B also, because A has friends who might make a dead set at B, who, in any case, has put a brother professional out of football and fees for a spell.

Similarly, the less rush-stopping a stand-off or centre does the more match-play he gets. Is that, I wonder, a reason why there were scarcely any such things as the wheeling of scrum, or a break-away, in a dribbling rush in any N.U. match I have seen? I should be last to think of blaming any player who making an honourable living out of the game if such is the case. Self-preservation in such circumstances is not lack of "guts," but is just sheer economic common sense.

That N.U. players do not generally "go down to it" in the approved R.U. manner w. 3

seen in many of the matches of 1915-17, of that A.S.C. team. Their best three-quarter, Wagstaff, a centre, was a grand player, a best International class one in all respects, except just that one: that he never seriously attempted to stop a rush. We have had many of the same type in the R.U. game, and of course it is easy enough to sit in comparative comfort and grouse at the sight of stand-off half-backs and centre three-quarters still upright and intact while the opposition pack is gambolling along almost unscattered towards the goal-line.

The N.U. free-kick rule is a very sound one. Whether the Rugby Unions ever lessened the penalty by permitting a "free" kick to be a fettered, hampered and obstructed kick—that, too, after having to give up 10yds. of ground already won—have never been satisfactorily explained. When, over 20 years ago, I was the first to suggest the long-needed reform that the "free" kick should be a "free" kick, the penalised side having 10yds. and remaining motionless until the kick had been taken, I was laughed at. But nobody in authority recognised the absurdity of the old method and, borrowing from the

Northern Union, the existing Rugby Union rule at long length found its place in the statute book.

There are Rugby Unionists—but I am not one of them—who want the N.U. half-back rule incorporated in our code. This prohibits any back's advancing before the back row of his side of the scrum until the ball is out. Not a good rule.

Like the Eight Ball Over in cricket, this is a gate-made rule. Its result, if indeed not the sole reason why it became a rule, is to get the ball more often from the scrum to the backs, the first player to touch it, as it emerges from a "heel," being quite unimpeded. Thus, while the game obtains the great advantage of the excision of off-side wing-forwards it loses keen scrum-half duels, and makes a virtual present of the ball to the backs by any so-called scrum-half capable of picking up a ball and passing it to somebody. Wales tried this rule for, I believe, one season. They did not persevere with it, perhaps because it is not good Rugby football, perhaps because it did not train their crack players in the scrum-half position for contests against scrum-halves of England,

Scotland and Ireland who tried, as best they could, to play real Rugby.

Anybody who has ever been inside a Rugby jersey on business knows the great value of the play of a scrum-half during these first moments after the ball has emerged from the scrum. If during those instants that player is unimpeded, owing to legislation, then the game ceases to be Rugby football, and descends to the grade of mere exhibition. In tending to make play more "open," therefore faster, this N.U. rule is a winner. That is its sole merit.

Properly played real Rugby is fast enough for anybody. The trouble really is to get it properly played, with a minimum of chicanery in the vicinity of the scrum (as is always the case when the referee is a referee) and the futile punt as sparingly used as possible by all backs, but especially by stand-off halves (who are really centres) and centre three-quarters. The outlook is, therefore, not hopeful for this rule, which so well suits the Northern Union game and needs, ever becoming a part of Rugby Union football. And it is well that such should be the case.

CORRESPONDENCE

TURN OUT YOUR PAPER

SIR.—My conscience has been stirred and I hope many other readers of COUNTRY LIFE will have suffered a similar disturbance after reading your leading article of Nov. 14.

During the past year I have zealously watched that all wrapping paper, newspapers and other waste was carefully stored and handed over to the collectors, but I have never thought of books, and this is where I came up against my conscience.

I, in common with most other people, like well filled bookcases. I have never, in the past, discarded a reasonably well bound book until I had a new and more desired one to fill its place. Now I have empty spaces, but some 7cwt. of books have gone to make munitions, and maybe lives will be saved as a consequence.

What were those books? Most of them had no intrinsic value—some had a certain sentimental value, but few would ever have been read or in any way added to the sum of human happiness. Scores of herd books which contained the names of cattle and pigs I have bred, many of which had won prizes and championships at our leading shows; show catalogues with records of past triumphs, bound as permanent mementoes; reference books which were out-of-date; and many novels, travel and other books which never were worth printing, and, when one analyses it, were only furnishing shelves.

As I looked through them the thought occurred to me: "Infinitely better to have empty bookshelves and freedom than the Gestapo yoke which would inevitably control not only our reading but our speech and hearing."

I doubt whether there is one reader of COUNTRY LIFE who could not turn out some books.—THEO. A. STEPHENS, Mill House, Frensham, Surrey.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have decided to go through my bookshelves again, in which case I shall probably turn out another one or two hundred-weights, sufficient to make 180 shell-containers or 900 shell-fuse components.

OLD YEAR BOOKS

SIR.—May I suggest to your readers a few places where paper might be salvaged to help to supply the military need?

You rightly refer to Who's Who and other standard works of reference that may be obsolete. I would remind all breeders of cattle, including horses, who have kept the annual year books of each of their societies for many years past for the purpose of having pedigrees and other data available, that they might help in this emergency. These year books are used so very little that I am sure if their owners realised that each of the societies keeps its own file, and that these files are available for reference, they would gladly save the space their own copies occupy. In many cases I know complete sets are kept and cherished, but never used. Now the need is vital.

Many public libraries keep files of old newspapers, magazines and other publications. How much waste could come from there!

Again, under the copyright law, copies of every book, periodical and paper have to be sent to five different University libraries. What a yield there would be if the stocks of, say, three were pulped—at that probably is a matter for the Ministry of Supply to take up.—H. BENSON, Luton, Bedfordshire.

EMPTY CARTRIDGE-CASES

SIR.—If all who shoot would pick up and add their empty cases to the "waste paper" box, the country would greatly benefit. On two estates in Hampshire this is now regularly done at any shoot; but if all

who shoot, and perhaps in a small way, did so, there would be a very great saving of paper to help the war.—A CASUAL SHOOTER.

FIRE BIRDS OF THE ABBEY

SIR.—Perhaps I might add the following information to the account recently published by you (October 24) of black redstarts at Westminster Abbey.

(1) It is now established that two broods were also raised here in 1940. The remains found by the gardener may have been those of one of last year's birds.

(2) This year's second nest, in the porch, was in fact last year's second nest, apparently re-used without alteration.

(3) The hen and young disappeared in August. She rejoined the cock in September, and both stayed here till the second week of October.—A. L. N. RUSSELL, Little Dean's Yard, Westminster.

BULL-BAITING

SIR.—Anent some recent correspondence as to bull-baiting, I enclose you a photograph of what, being an amateur at china-collecting, I take to be a Staffordshire piece depicting a bull-baiting contest which in the seventeenth century was obligatory in as much as a butcher was obliged by law to bait a bull before killing it, the idea being that it improved its flesh.

Years later, when the baiting was no longer obligatory, the performance was continued as a sport, the bull being tethered to a stout stake and the dogs loosed at him in turn, the winner being the one who held on the longest.—ADAIR DIGHTON, Kneeworth, near Royston, Hertfordshire.

TROPHIES WANTED

SIR.—The Council of the Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs would like your readers to know that when its headquarters offices, Codrington House, London, E.C.4, were destroyed by enemy action, no fewer than 47 of the Society's silver challenge cups, shields, and other trophies for annual competitions were also destroyed.

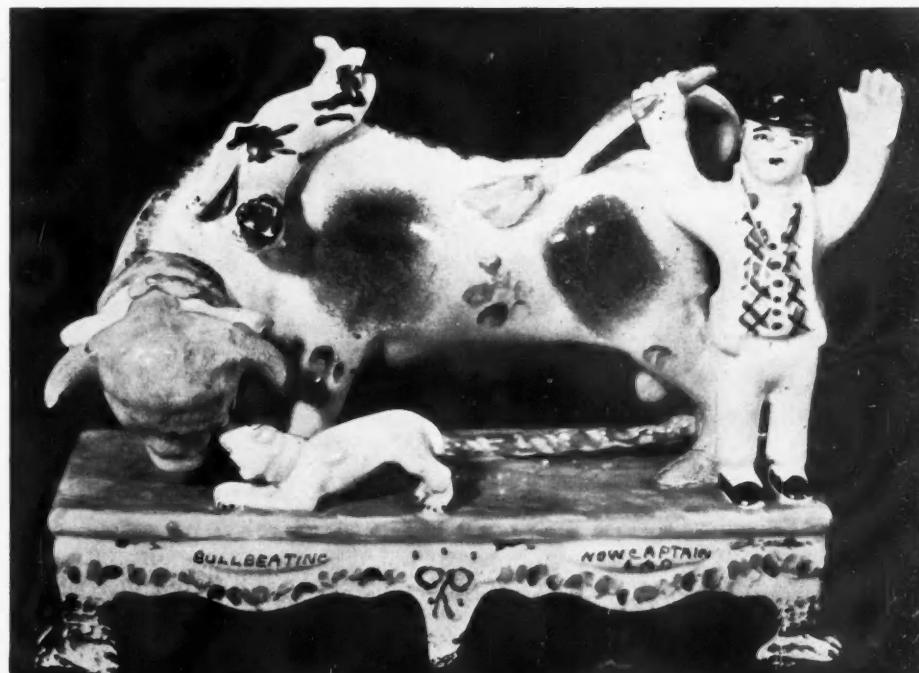
These have been given, among others, during the past 40 years, since the late Lord Roberts in 1902 appealed for the encouragement and training of civilian riflemen throughout Britain and the Empire, thus starting this Society with that objective and the watchword "Look Forward." The Society consists of well over 2,000 affiliated rifle clubs in which Home Guard personnel preponderate.

It occurs to us that among your readers are included many distinguished sportsmen and women, or the relatives of them, who hold trophies won in shooting or other kinds of sport. We respectfully suggest that an opportunity be put these trophies again into circulation for a national cause and to associate the name of the original winner, or the giver, year after year in one or other of the Society's competitions, now presents itself. Thus a quiescent memory can live again.

May we hope that all your readers who can will act upon this request and so ensure that at least some of the destroyed trophies will be replaced by others equally as time-honoured and of as great a source of human endeavour.—LIONEL FLETCHER, Chairman, Society of Miniature Rifle Clubs, Mayleigh, Petersham Road, Richmond, Surrey.

LEFT IN THE TRAIN

SIR.—Twice recently I have left things behind in the train—an umbrella in a main-line express from Liverpool Street and a pair of gloves in a busy suburban train to St. Pancras. I think it is worth



BULL-BAITING AS A SUBJECT FOR THE STAFFORDSHIRE CHINA MAKERS

recording that I have recovered them both within 24 hours. It is pleasant to find public-spiritedness throwing a protective arm round war-time absent-mindedness in this way, even under the stress of rationing.—O. J. K., Harpenden, Hertfordshire.

[Londoners have, all the same, one cause for complaint which it might be well to ventilate here: the London Transport Lost Property Office at Baker Street is open only from 10 to 4 on weekdays and not at all on Saturdays, the one day of the week when the hard-pressed worker might hope to have time to pursue his missing property.—Ed.]

IN A WELSH FARMHOUSE

SIR,—Here is a photograph of a very interesting old farmhouse chimney-piece, at Newton, on the banks of the Usk, just west of Brecon. When it was built, this great house was much more than a farmhouse, both in size and importance; the floor of the kitchen has a raised dais at one end, showing that it was formerly the dining hall. It was built, as the Welsh inscription shows, by John, the son and heir of Sir Edward Games, in 1582. Their arms and motto, "Ar Dduw y gyd" (On God all depends), are also visible.

The Games family for at least three centuries was one of the foremost in Breconshire and owned most of it at some time. They claimed descent from Caradoc, one of the Knights of the Round Table; but the first historic member of the family was Davy Gam, who followed the fortunes of Henry Bolingbroke before he seized the throne. Later, he was captured by Glyndwr, but escaped in time to follow Henry V to the French war, where he died at Agincourt, after being knighted on the battlefield, with his son-in-law, Vaughan of Trewover, for saving the King's life. This grim old mansion must have seen much border history.—M. W., Hereford.

A GIANT CABBAGE

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of our London evacuee children (who live with us at our rectory) holding a monster cabbage weighing 23lb., which we grew in our garden (in poor soil, and no manure), also our apples, one of which (the centre one on the table) weighed 15oz.; the others were about the same. Unlike most places, we have had a wonderful crop of apples. So many people came to see this cabbage and the apples in our Harvest Festival decorations that I thought you would like to have the photograph for publication. The children had to have someone help hold the cabbage until I actually took the photograph; it was much too heavy for them.—M. A. KELLY, Oakford Rectory, Tiverton.

AT A WAR CHARITIES FAIR IN CEYLON

SIR,—The peasantry in Ceylon is gradually becoming more and more war-effort-minded. At large country fairs organised in aid of war charities, the villagers offer gifts not only in money but in kind, comprising paddy, ghee, honey, curd, fruits and vegetables, native confectionery, and even animal skins, deer horns and peacock feathers from the forest country, to be put up for auction.

Not the least interesting are their contributions of animals, two of which, shown in the accompanying illustrations, were brought under the hammer at a recent sale held some 25 miles from my town.

In the first picture is seen "Hitler"—a wild elephant which was caught by certain elephant-



AN OLD WELSH CHIMNEY-PIECE WITH ITS RECORDS

KNAVE-GO-BY

SIR,—In the issue of your paper of October 3, Miss E. M. Delafield, in her *Countrywoman's Diary*, mentioned, among Cornish place-names, the singular one of Knave-go-by, and was at a loss for a derivation of the name.

Knave-go-by is a hamlet, adjacent to Pendarves and it is said that John Wesley passed through it on his way to preach under a tree (still standing) at the junction of the lane leading from the hamlet with the road from Camborne to Treslothan, and the unflattering remark was made by a person looking out of a window.

As John Wesley was, and still is, regarded with much affection and reverence in West Cornwall, the story does not carry much conviction with me, but it is reputed in the district to be authentic.

Another version of the story makes Oliver Cromwell the hero. This does not seem possible as there is no record of his being in the neighbourhood, although, should he have passed by, he might well have been so addressed in Royalist West Cornwall.—ALICE PENDARVES, Camborne, Cornwall.

SIR,—Miss Delafield has doubtless been furnished with the origin of the name Knave-go-by (the v is silent).

Some 60 years ago I was told that it came from these words having been addressed to John Wesley there.—J. M., Swanage.

THE FOUR CROSS HANDS

SIR,—In your issue of October 24 is a photograph of the Four Cross Hands above Chipping Campden.

The first arm should read "The Way to Worcester XVI miles N. I."—not Worcester; and the initials stand for Nathan Izod—see Ruskin's *History of Campden*—not Nicholas.

Izods still live at Westington, and though their



CABBAGE 23lb.; APPLE 15oz.

In the second photograph we see a pig labelled "Dr. Goebbels—the Swine of a Liar" waiting to be auctioned at the sale. The animal was so repulsive that nobody cared to buy it at first, but ultimately it was bought for the paltry sum of Rs. 3.

Such sales at our country fairs, got up to win the war, illustrate not only rural humour and the peasants' patriotism towards the Allied cause, but the great contempt in which the Nazi leaders and Nazism generally are held among these simple country folks.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.



"HITLER" THE ELEPHANT



"GOEBBELS" THE SWINE



TWENTY-ONE PRISONERS OF WAR AT OFLAG V B

house has lost in picturesqueness, it has been saved and gained much by careful re-building in the last year or so. An energetic but unsympathetic county council has ruined the approach to the old house by "tidy" paths and a banked-up road capable of taking traffic at 60 miles an hour—though the area is a built-up one.

The mileages on the hands are not so far out, as they are appropriate to the date, Old English names. The hands formerly stood on a shorter and more fitting oak post, which was blown down about 1916. Near by—if not actually at the cross roads—stood the gallows: and a friend of mine, now dead some 20 years, remembered his father telling him of bodies hanging in chains close to the cross-hands.—P. WOODROFFE, Couzdon, Axminster.



EAST END OF WAREHAM'S SEVENTH CENTURY CHURCH BEFORE RESTORATION

AFTER TWO CENTURIES' NEGLECT
Sir,—In Wareham's Saxon church—one of the most interesting in the South of England—on the completion of renovations commenced in 1935, services are again being held after almost 200 years' disuse, excepting when, in 1762, it provided temporary accommodation for townpeople dispossessed of home by a devastating fire. No better position than the north aisle could have been selected for Eric Kennington's fine stone effigy of "Lawrence of Arabia" who, whilst stationed in a local camp frequently conducted friends round the old church.—HAROLD G. GRAINGER, 34, Headingley Avenue, Leeds, 6.

IMMIGRATION OF JAYS

Sir,—There appears to be another immigration of jays from the Continent and Scandinavia, similar to the very large one mentioned in COUNTRY LIFE, some years ago, but so far not in such numbers. They are reported in very considerable numbers in the Andover (Hampshire) area and one flock of 60 passed—flying very high up—on October 10. Many were observed also on the eastern border of the county—flying usually high. When any flock pitches down in a wood and scatters, it can be easily recognised by the low, curious call, which is kept up by the birds as they fly from tree to tree. In plumage and measurement, they do not differ from the English bird.—M. PORTAL, Holywell, Swanmore, By Southampton.

[The differences between the British and Continental races of the jay are slight. The British jay, *Tarucus glandarius rufitergum*, averages a little smaller and is somewhat pinker than the Continental form *g. g. glandarius*. Our race travels little but Continental jays come here in small numbers as winter visitors. Large immigrations are exceptional. Jays, obviously not local residents, have lately been seen flying high so far west as Shropshire, so it seems that a considerable invasion is now afoot. Major Jarvis also commented on this in *A Countryman's Notes* (November 7).—Ed.]

AT OFLAG V B

Sir,—My son, Captain R. W. Wheeler, R.E., is a prisoner of war, No. 340, Oflag V B, Germany. I have for some time past taken COUNTRY LIFE each week, and naturally the photographs and letters which appear from time to time in connection with various British prisoners of war in Germany interest me very much.

I send you herewith a photograph of 21 officers, including my son, who are at Oflag V B, in case you would like to publish it, as some, at all events, of the relatives and friends of the 21 officers may not have seen it.—H. E. WHEELER, Dorking, Surrey.

CRUCK-BUILT COTTAGES, AND DEGENERATE ENGLAND !

Sir,—In Messrs. Batsford and Fry's book on the English cottage the following statement may be found: "few examples of cruck-building can be traced much south or east of a line roughly joining the Bristol Channel with the Wash, the only exception noted at present being the little Barley Mow Inn at Clifton Hampden." Possibly a snapshot of a cottage, said to be fifteenth century, at Lacock in Wiltshire may be of interest, since it provides another example of cruck construction south and west of the line mentioned. I have also observed a cruck-built cottage at Drayton, which is quite near Clifton Hampden. It would seem likely that a number of other examples exist: cannot the New Forest, the Weald (famous for its clay-nourished oaks), the Chilterns and the old forest areas of Essex provide good specimens?

It should perhaps be added, however, that in the days when cruck construction was general, oak was more rarely used for such humble dwellings as cottages than people might now imagine. William Harrison left an instructive note on this subject in Holinshed's *Chronicle* (1577-87):

In times past men were contented to dwell in houses built of sallow, willow, plum-tree, hardbeams and elme, so that the use of oke was in maner dedicated wholie unto churches, religious houses, princes' palaces, and navigation, but now all these are rejected and nothing but oke anie whit regarded.

There follows a moan in a familiar key:— . . . when our houses were builded of willow then we had oaken men; but now that our houses be made of oke, our men are not onlie become willow, but a great manie through Persian delicacie crept in among us altogether of straw, which is a sore alteration.

Is it not a comfort (I use the word pedantically) to know that the English were already degenerate, as evidenced by their love of oak timber and other soft and sybaritic luxuries, in the heyday of the much-vaunted Elizabethan age—a decade before the Armada?—COTTAGER, Berkshire.

THE FROZEN DEW-POND

Sir,—I have been interested in the past in your photographs of dew-ponds. They called my thoughts back to the time when I took some photographs of the dew-pond on the top of Beachy Head, near Eastbourne—under somewhat different circumstances!

As you will see from it this dew-pond is frozen over. Until I saw this I believed that dew-ponds had the peculiar property of retaining a certain amount of heat so that they never froze! This corrected my mistaken impression—or it may have been that the weather was very cold at the time the photograph was taken, some years before the war.

I believe I gathered this impression from the fact that these ponds have a base of straw mixed with the clay.

and are thus insulated. Perhaps your readers know something about this. Dew-pond making is, I am told, an art which is supposed to have some secrets unknown to any but the experts.—G. LESLIE HORN, 215, Elgin Avenue, London, W. 9.

HOW TO CATCH EELS

Sir,—There are a great many eels in the river here, and in certain ponds I know of in Norfolk.

I cannot now buy any eel traps.

I think it would be of general interest if you could get someone to write simple directions for catching eels, and state best seasons for the different methods.—ALWYN MASON, Malmesbury, Wiltshire.

[We have submitted our correspondent's enquiry to Mr. Jim Vincent, who replies as follows: "Eels, of course, hibernate during the winter, and when the spring comes they emerge and feed up pretty ravenously upon the small fly. We find that from April to July they are fairly easy to catch in the Dutch nets. There then comes a period when they are not so easy to catch with these Dutch nets, and when the autumn migration sets in they are not at all easy to catch with them,



A CRUCK-BUILT COTTAGE AT LACOCK

unless it is a double wing net which fully spreads across a dyke or drain leading from small Broads. Your correspondent could easily catch his eels on hooks baited with small fish or chunks of small eels. You lay a line with 20 or 30 hooks on lesser lines tied at three or four feet intervals. Also he can bag for eels from May to July—very profitable game.

The Dutch nets I refer to are at present not easy to get hold of. I know a man who makes these, but not in sufficient quantities to advertise. These nets cost three pounds each, and on two or three occasions one net that we used took up to four pounds' worth of eels in one night. We could use 100 a day if we had them."—Ed.]



SKATING ON A DEW-POND ON BEACHY HEAD

FELLING IN AMENITY WOODLAND

DEMAND for timber is never-ceasing and ever-increasing. This is leading to the gradual devastation of estate woodlands, and owners in consequence are faced with the problem of fellings in amenity woodlands—areas which were planted for purposes very different from those they now seem fated to fulfil.

In the Oxford Dictionary the word "amenity" is defined as "pleasantness," but when applied to woodland it means more than that. Amenity woodland is not only a pleasant sight (that is to say when properly managed); it also makes belts and blocks for shelter, it forms nesting places for game and it hides unsightly objects. A house well set among trees and woods appeals to everyone, as the trees give the warmth and protection very desirable in a place that one wishes to make one's home.

Amenity, therefore, has a definite monetary value which, although difficult to assess in pounds, shillings and pence, must be taken into consideration apart from the actual value of the trees and timber which constitute it. If, for example, an estate is worth £100,000 and the timber is valued at £20,000, the removal *en bloc* of the timber would not mean that the value of the estate could then be £80,000. It would undoubtedly be considerably less. The consequent loss represents the "amenity value."

The smaller the estate on which extensive felling is taking place, the more rapidly the value of lost amenity rises. The removal of a quarter of a million cubic feet of timber from one estate may have little effect on amenity in general; on another and much smaller estate the loss of 20,000 ft. might ruin its value irretrievably.

Again, the value of amenity is not necessarily confined to the estate; it often extends far over its boundaries. Its value to the general public has slowly but surely become recognised, as is shown by the passing of the Town Planning Acts. Here is a national value which should also be taken into consideration when thinking of its value to the individual who, as owner, is responsible for its preservation.

Such work requires considerable skill, and, if felling is done by experienced foresters possessing foresight and imagination, there is still a very large amount of timber in the country that can be made available for national purposes without wrecking the woodland and involving the owners in considerable pecuniary loss.

The thinning of woodland in such cases is not quite the same as a normal sylvicultural thinning. In the latter case attention is concentrated on the actual area to be thinned; in the former attention is divided between the thinning area and its surroundings.

Amenity thinnings are far easier to carry out successfully when the trees are standing on undulating or hilly ground than when they are growing on flat land. In the former case the trees form part only of the general amenity, whereas on flat land they generally form the whole.

Many owners will find after the war that heavy taxation forces them to get rid of their property, and it is therefore only natural that, however willing they may be to supply timber, they are not prepared deliberately to fell woodlands the removal of which will mean a loss in capital value that is far from being balanced by the account paid to them by the timber merchant.

The value of amenity to the country is recognised by the Government, and so far the Ministry of Supply has made no attempt to expedite the felling of timber in amenity woodland. There seems, however, little likelihood of this immunity continuing if the sawmills are to be kept going. The obvious solution of the problem of how best to deal with such areas is by thinning and partial fellings.

It is only reasonable to expect owners to make certain sacrifices when carrying out this work. To hold up felling on an area earmarked for future building development is hardly fair, as such felling will not affect the present value of the estate. Again, to attempt to hold on to everything that alters the view from the mansion because the owner dislikes change is also hardly fair to the community in general. There is unfortunately still too much of this.

Presuming then that clear-felling is impossible, the first thing to consider is the effect on the woodland that is going to be left. Is it better to clear-fell definite areas, leaving

would be blown down, especially if they are conifers. During the present war the writer has heard of cases where Douglas fir poles have been thinned to 40 ft. apart and larch to 20 ft., neither crop being more than 30 years old. Such a practice can only lead to disaster.

Under-thinned woods are far better clear-felled. They can seldom be brought to big timber, they grow uglier as they become older, the percentage of deaths increases each year and snow may break the tops. Owing to the demand for home-grown pit timber the owner will never have a better chance to get rid of such trees at a satisfactory price, and he can replant with part of the proceeds.

Aspect and topography are also important points. All other things being equal, far more timber can be safely taken from a sheltered valley than from an exposed area. From the actual amenity point of view, a hillside may be thinned more heavily than a flat area, as the gaps are made far less obvious by the vegetation on the slopes behind the trees. On flat land thinning should be at its heaviest on the side facing the house and gradually decreasing in severity as it nears the far boundary. In this way "back light" is kept out, and the appearance of depth is preserved.

If a wood is irregular and full of gaps these can be made use of by cutting up to them. Trees in such gaps and on their edges are generally rougher and more wind-firm than the more valuable trees growing in close order. Oak lends itself to spacing in groups and individually, especially when old, and one big tree will appear to cover far more land than a dozen smaller ones. In this case as in others the big "wolf tree" so despised by foresters is most useful.

Mature Scots pine is usually a fairly easy species to deal with, being very wind-firm, and it also lends itself to spacing in groups and as individual trees. Even straight stems, widely separated, are pleasant to look at owing to the attractive combination of warmly coloured bark and rugged crown.

Douglas fir and spruce present a difficult problem to deal with, especially on areas exposed to wind. Unlike the pine their attraction is collective rather than individual. No general rule can be laid down for thinning in such cases; each area must be worked in the way best suited to it, if such a way exists.

Larch also is not particularly attractive as a single tree, and the best part of a larch wood from the amenity point of view is the canopy. A heavily thinned larch wood gives no sense of shelter unless backed by something darker, and, unless the management in the past has been good, it is just as liable to "blow" as anything else. If the wood is growing well, a careful thinning of the larger stems will often be better in every way than the usual practice of taking out the smaller stems, as the larger trees have probably reached their maximum value and the smaller ones will increase.

Finally, when clear-felling part of a wood it is usually best to fell that portion nearest the house. If planted up at once the young trees will rapidly hide the bare stems behind, a pleasant sweep up to the crowns of the old trees will soon be obtained and much of the amenity value of the original unit will return.

When dealing with amenity timber it should be remembered that the value is in the mass rather than in the individual tree. This is emphasised by the story told of a certain famous French artist whose eyesight was failing. He refused to accept any sympathy from his friends, stating that he considered himself most fortunate, as now, without any effort, he was able to see a wood without seeing the trees.

D. L. S.



IN A PLANTING OF SCOTS PINES SUCH AS THIS
COMPLETE FELLING IS ADVISABLE

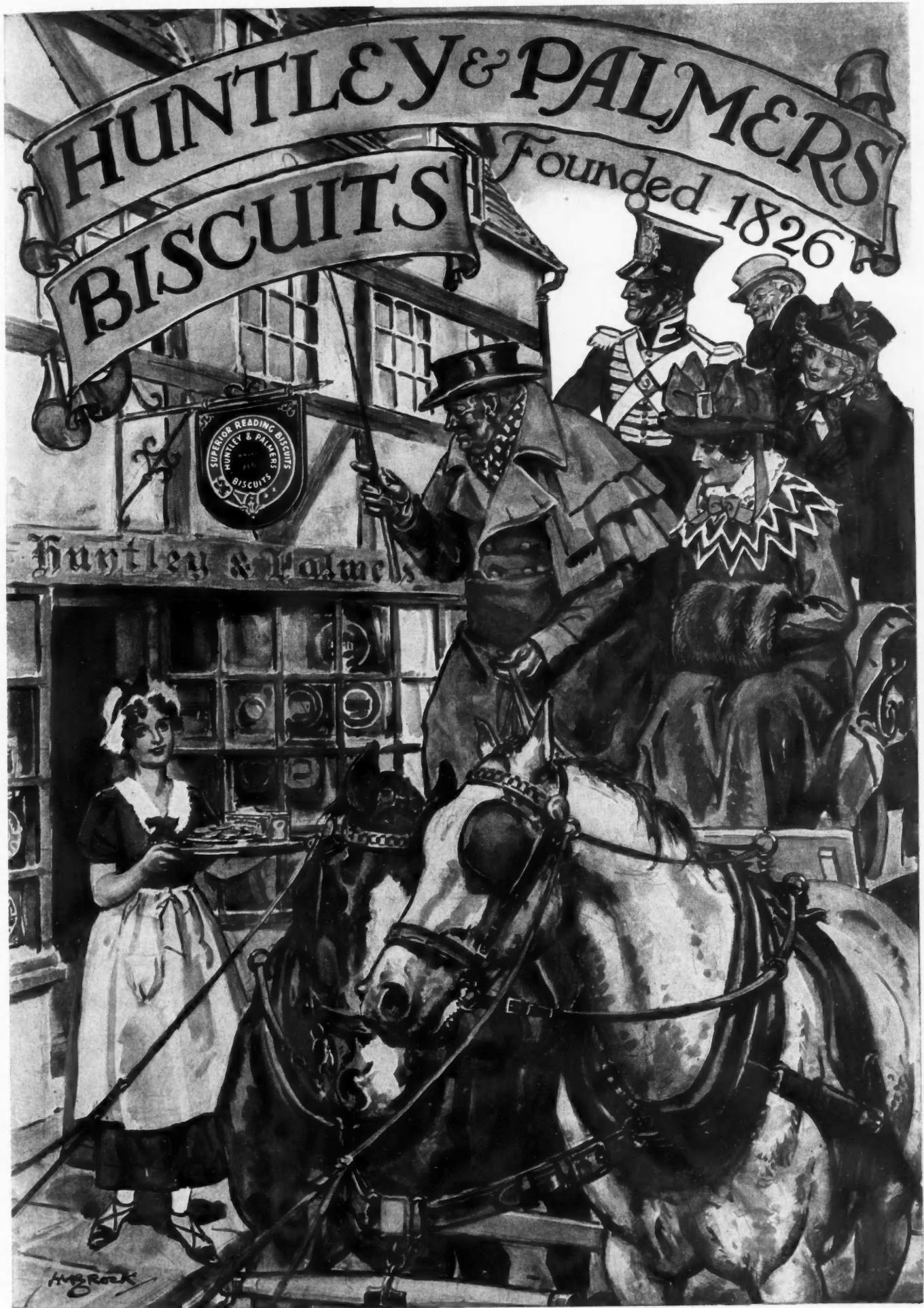
Any trees left standing are almost certain to be blown down if the situation is exposed

clumps and groves here and there, or will it be more satisfactory merely to thin out and have trees standing at fairly wide distances all over the area?

There are a number of points to take into consideration: the species or mixture, past management, aspect and general topography. With a hardwood-conifer mixture the obvious method is to clear the conifers and allow the hardwood to stand. As regards a beech-conifer mixture action should not be taken in a hurry. A heavy thinning of conifer poles may leave the thin-barked beech poles exposed to the sun, and severe bark damage may result.

Ash, again, dislikes sudden exposure and may become bark-bound, with a check to growth which is most undesirable in ash. Oak treated in the same way often throws out a thick crop of "watershoots" up the stem. These spoil the quality of the timber and by taking up the rising sap to themselves may starve the upper crown and lead to "staghead." With all such mixtures thinning can be carried out, but it must be done gradually.

As a rule a properly managed wood can be thinned more satisfactorily than one that has been neglected. Neglect in this country consists in 99 cases out of 100 of under-thinning and an under-thinned wood in many cases cannot be thinned at all, as the remaining stems



RIVALS TO THE TURKEY

By J. D. U. WARD

IN America, their native land, more turkeys are probably eaten on the last Thursday of November, which is normally Thanksgiving Day, than on December 25; but in Britain, where the majority of households enjoy no more than one turkey a year, the birds have had peculiar associations with Christmas dinner for generations. However, turkeys are relative newcomers to our poultry-yards, and in present circumstances—with turkeys scarcer than they have been for 25 years—it is interesting to glance at their predecessors and former rivals.

First may be mentioned peacocks, which were specially bred, reared and fattened by the Romans and seem to have had pride of place on festal boards until turkeys arrived in Henry VIII's reign. On ceremonial occasions peacocks were "re-dressed" in all their feathers before they were served, and their beaks were gilded; yet, despite these ostentatious honours, they would not be ranked high as table-birds to-day. Their flesh is usually very dry: indeed, one old writer said that three wethers were needed to provide basting and gravy for one peacock. But wild peafowl are still eaten in the Far East, and anyone who has surplus birds which cannot be kept because of war-time restrictions on grain should certainly send them to the kitchen rather than to the ferrets!

Next come swans, numbers of which have been condemned to die because food supplies are limited. Recorded opinions about swans as table birds are contradictory. Our mute swans are said to have been introduced by Richard Coeur de Lion from Cyprus, perhaps specially for their culinary qualities: it is certainly known that the ancients of Greece held swans to be great delicacies, much superior to geese, which were "impure and indigestible."

In the later Middle Ages our own forebears esteemed swans very highly. There were 50 "swannes" provided at a feast given by the Bishop of Durham for King Richard in 1387, and the Earl of Northumberland's Household Book for 1412 mentions the serving of five swans on Christmas Day, three on New Year's Day, and four on Twelfth Night. Much more recently Queen Victoria made a practice of sending to every member of the Royal Family a swan on New Year's Day. Disraeli, having eaten roast swan at a banquet, found it "very white and tender." About this time specially fattened cygnets commanded over one guinea each, and their flavour was sometimes described as between those of hare and goose.

Against all this is the verdict of cookery books published at various times in the last 140 years: "tough and tasteless" or "tough and very fishy" are typical comments. What is the truth and the explanation of the

discrepancy? It seems likely to be this. Swans are the longest-lived of all birds, and the unknowing cook is as likely to get a 20-year-old swan (even perhaps a 60-year-old!) as a two-year-old. From what I have been told by those who have eaten them, there can be no doubt that many swans still in or only just out of the cygnet stage are very good to eat, and, since weights are likely to be between 15lb. and 25lb., there should be a deal of miscellaneous eating on such birds. But he would be a bold as well as an impious man who would try conclusions with a sexagenarian swan.

A propos this matter I recall the recipe (received from an experienced wildfowler) for cooking an old wild goose:

You must lard your bird generously with a larding needle and then put it in the oven between two Accrington bricks. When you find, on testing the bricks with a fork, that they are tender, your goose will be ready to eat.

Despite the depreciation—sometimes attributed to Queen Elizabeth—that the goose is a silly bird, being too much for one but not enough for two, the domesticated goose was latterly the turkey's greatest rival, vast numbers being reared on the marshes of Lincolnshire, whence they had to walk (like Norfolk's turkeys) to London or other great markets. "The goose on grass and water up is brought," according to one translation of Palladius, and for this reason and because geese can be fattened chiefly on potatoes, geese will this Christmas be relatively more numerous than for many a year. Incidentally, the Germans and some other Continental peoples prefer the richer flesh of the goose to the drier, more gamey meat of the turkey.

One noble fowl which came to the well-loaded tables of yore is no longer with us: this is the great bustard, whose weight may run up to 35lb. Its flesh (both brown and white, like that of blackgame) has been described by some of those who have enjoyed it overseas as tasting like a cross between turkey and goose. The recommendation is fine, yet great bustards seem to have been appreciated far less than peacocks, swans, herons, bitterns and curlews.

Most of the wader tribe appear of old to have been held in much higher esteem than now, and the curlew ranked as their prince. Here is a seventeenth-century tribute:

This bird for the goodnessse and delicate taste of its flesh may justly challenge the principall place among water fowl; of this our fowlers are not ignorant and therefore sell them dear. They have a proverb among them in Suffolk:

A curlew, be she white, be she black,
She carries twelve pence on her back.

Certainly a young curlew can be very good when fat from the autumn stubbles, but curlew



BRINGING IN THE PEACOCK
A fanciful Victorian study by the late
Percy Macquoid, R.I.

(like wood-pigeon) tend to deteriorate greatly towards the end of the shooting season.

Knots, now usually despised as too small to be worth plucking, were sometimes mewed like ruffs and reeves, as this note of Sir Thomas Browne's testifies:

Gnats or knots, a small bird which taken with nets grow excessively fatt. If being mewed and fed with corne, a candle lighted in the roome, they fed day and night, and when they are at their hight of fattnesse, they beginne to grow lame and are killed.

Canute's reputed favourite bird is, as a matter of fact, usually quite plump in a wild state, and it appears annually at the London dinner of the Viking Society.

Within the last three years several references to the eating of puffins, guillemots and gannets have appeared in the Press. It is a most interesting fact that puffins and guillemots, though even more exclusively piscivorous than herons, should yet not be unduly fishy in flavour—according to the evidence of ornithologists who, while visiting the Faroes and Iceland, have sampled them. The possibility of establishing a guillemot-canning factory was being considered long before the war.

Great quantities of pickled puffins used to be sent from the Calf of Man to Knowsley within the last three centuries, and in earlier times the rent of the Scilly Islands (Tresco excepted) was 300 puffins (subsequently reduced to 50 puffins), paid to the Crown.

Young gannets are, of course, still eaten, both plainly roast and pickled, but an earlier mention of the consumption of gannet, by Taylor, the water poet, seems worthy of quotation. The gannet was, he wrote, a most delicate fowl, which breeds in great abundance in a little rock called the Bass, which stands two miles into the sea. It is a very good flesh, but it is eaten in the form as we eat oysters, standing at a side-board, a little before dinner unsanctified without grace; and after it is eaten it must be well liquored with two or three good rouses of sherry or canary sack.

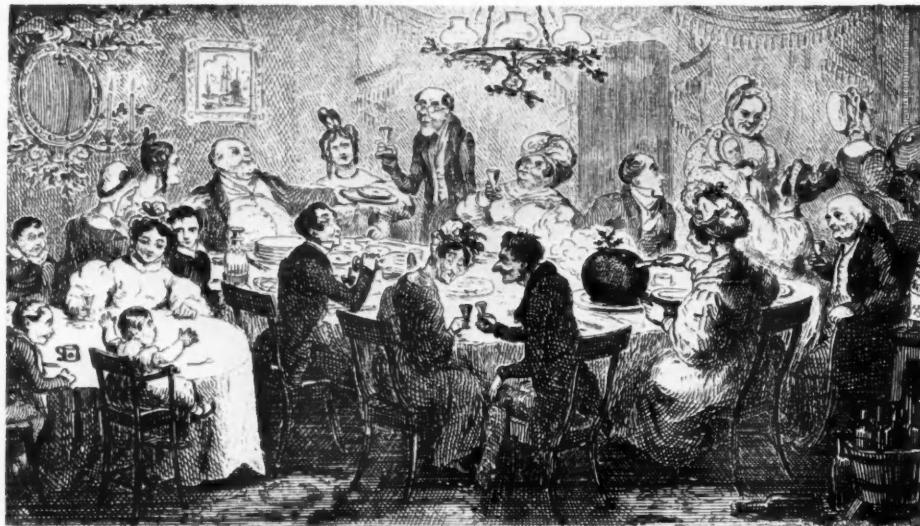
Herons (which still commanded from 5s. to 7s. each as table birds little more than 100 years ago) were highly esteemed by our mediæval ancestors, but truly terrible have been the results of most twentieth-century efforts to cook herons. Reports of experiments with cormorants have usually been equally discouraging, but, according



BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD IN STUART TIMES



*R*eflecting the same grand old spirit
Dewar's
“White Label”
SCOTCH WHISKY



THE CHRISTMAS DINNER, BY R. SEYMORE

to some hardy western Scots, the latter birds make quite good "black duck" if a certain oil gland is removed.

An inland bird which is neglected, probably through the convention against shooting anything which affords no sport, is the moorhen or waterhen. This species (which should be skinned before being cooked) can be really excellent, especially when plump from the stubbles: the late Mr. H. A. Bryden recorded that a good judge had compared it with partridge, but for myself I should have

said the flavour was more akin to that of woodcock.

Woodcock is the delicacy with which fieldfares have been compared. Fieldfares, redwings, thrushes and blackbirds were of old quite commonly eaten in this country, and on parts of the Continent they not only were, but still are, so highly esteemed as to be the subject of international trade. The former (perhaps surviving) practice of eating fieldfares undrawn—when they had been feeding on fruit—seems to form another link with woodcock. But, so

far as I know, the only locality where any of the thrush family are still eaten in England is the western Midlands, where some of the older bird-scarers employed in the fruit orchards know the merits of "chackler pie."

Some little time ago testimonials were published to the good flavour of another fruit-eater, the jay, whose diet contains little meat except in those months when nestlings are available. But very few English people can have sampled a jay. This island is a stronghold of convention, and any "new," "odd" or old and forgotten idea finds great bastions of unreasoning prejudice manned against it. For example, in their native America grey squirrels are relished as a rustic dainty, fried or in casserole, but here the suggestion that squirrels be eaten usually evokes scorn or disgust.

In the last year how many hundreds of grey squirrels destroyed as pests (which they are) have been left to rot in this country? Yet in times past (when Vitamin C was unknown, but hip tarts were yet a recognised "banqueting dish"), did not squirrels and badgers share the honours of Boxing Day dinner tables? Perhaps it may be added that the Boxing Day badger feast still survives at the Cow Inn, Ilchester, and I have heard of badger hams having been cured and eaten in both Yorkshire and Dorset within the present century. Badger is said to taste much like bear and not unlike pork; among the Black Forest peasants it has long been highly appreciated; from 1674 dates the observation: "In Italy they eat the flesh of badgers, and so they do in Germany, boiling it with pears." But an Italian recommendation is not necessarily to be followed. In northern Italy not only crows but even owls and hawks are commonly offered for sale as table birds.

FLAVOUR IN FRUIT AND

VEGETABLES

IT is undoubtedly most important that the public should be adequately fed in these times, and, with regard to vegetables and fruit, the national food drive has been not only a very praiseworthy, but also a highly successful effort. It could not be helped that the fruit crop was not so plentiful as we had hoped, but on the vegetable side, with a few exceptions, one would guess that a supply has been produced very nearly adequate to meet a demand above normal. I shall hope to be pardoned, however, if I venture a few words of warning, for I deem it essential that, in the natural urge for quantity, quality and flavour should not be overlooked, as it seems in danger of being, judging from the copious and not always well informed advice and suggestions given us through various sources.

When buying vegetable seeds or fruit trees and bushes it will be found that the price is seldom much higher for an item of good quality than for one which is poor or merely indifferent. We rather look to those who supply these things to maintain a high standard of quality, but do we always find this? It may not be believed that recently a firm of wholesale seed merchants, in considering the purchase of a new and improved production, could not be induced to taste it, but based their decision solely on its appearance! This incident I can vouch for from personal experience. The market grower too is a great offender. He is always chary of getting out of his rut, and of growing anything to which he has not been accustomed. As an instance, he will not grow the yellow tomatoes, because he has heard that they are thin-skinned and do not travel well: that is the reason we so seldom see them displayed in the shops, although most people know that when they do appear they sell well—and no wonder, for they are far more delicate and succulent than the ordinary red varieties, and for eating raw, at any rate, are preferable. As for the Covent Garden fraternity, I regard most of them as past praying for; talk to them of a new and perhaps meritorious apple, and they pay little attention, but proceed to rattle off their stock list—Cox's, Allingtons, Bramleys and so forth: all good things, of course, but there are others like Laxton's Superb, of which they have at last discovered the merits. I am told also that Charles Ross is making headway in the markets in the north and Midlands, though I must confess that this fruit never had great attractions for me. Raised by the late Charles Ross from

a cross between Cox's Orange and Peasgood's Nonesuch, it always seems to me that although the former has perhaps given colour and reduced the size of Peasgood, it has not imparted its unique and delicious flavour.

The question of personal preference enters largely into the selection of varieties of apples, and it is difficult to recommend more than the three or four accepted popular varieties. In the year 1919 I organised, in the columns of *The Garden*, something on the lines of what might to-day be termed a "Gallup Poll." Readers were asked to name in order of merit the three dessert apples they considered of best flavour. The Chairman of the Fruit Committee of the Royal Horticultural Society, at that time Mr. Charles Nix, was also good enough to take the votes of the Committee on similar lines. The result of the voting was that from both quarters Cox's Orange and Ribston Pippin ranked respectively first and second, while the public accorded third place to James Grieve and the Committee chose American Mother. All this happened 22 years ago, and one wonders what, if any, great change would take place in the voting now.

Incidentally, I remember that the late Mr. Edward Bunyard always expressed a preference for Orleans Reinette, certainly a most delicious fruit, but one that I found none too easy to grow. Strenuous endeavours have been made, by cross-breeding, to get the flavour of Cox's Orange into a fruit that ripens somewhat earlier than this variety, and a number of claims of success have been made: I have tasted them all, and only find the true Cox flavour in St. Everard, a most excellent apple ripening in early September, and many others to whom I have recommended it have also proved its worth. Messrs. Laxton of Bedford have raised a number of new apples of merit, and I think their new variety Fortune should be of service in displacing our old acquaintance Worcester Pearmain, described by the late Rev. G. H. Engleheart, who was a connoisseur in these matters, as merely "a painted cork"!

About pears there can be hardly two opinions, as Doyenne du Comice, though not too easy to grow, is *facile princeps*; a most delicious fruit. There is not space here to analyse the long list of pears, but all should grow Conference, and those who have not yet tasted the little, old-fashioned Seckel at its right moment have missed a delicacy.

In plums a good many people swear by

Coe's Golden Drop, its attractive appearance being accompanied by richness of flavour, but to me the Green Gage takes a lot of beating. The Cambridge variety of it, I find, is an advance in point of delectability on the old.

I should like now to deal briefly with vegetables, and I begin with the tomato. There still exists in some quarters a difference of opinion as to whether this esculent is a fruit or a vegetable, but for my purpose now I treat it as the latter. Attention has lately been drawn, in *Gardening Illustrated*, to the sterling merits of the yellow tomato, a view which I heartily endorse: there is a distinguishing richness about a good yellow tomato and an absence of the strong acidity found in many red varieties, that makes it most acceptable when eaten raw; in fact, speaking in a general way, I find I like to eat a red one cooked and a yellow one raw, just ringing the changes occasionally. One of the best yellows on the market at present is Orange Sunrise, which to good flavour adds free cropping qualities. Another that I hear is worth trying is Stonor's Mid-day Sun, but I think that one that has only just made its débüt called Blood Orange will please the critics, combining as it does lusciousness and attractive appearance, the yellow skin being, when the fruit is fully ripe, pleasingly overlaid with a shade of bright red.

Marrow are things that are not often carefully considered by the keen vegetable grower. I have heard the marrow spoken of by some as the least interesting of vegetables; probably that is only because they have been served with a slab out of one of the insipid monstrosities beloved of the pot-hunting rustic. Some of the smaller varieties are good. One named Table Dainty is among them, and the Custard marrow, although of awkward shape, has good texture and real taste; a cross between these two is Rotherholt Orange, so named from its shape, which is first-rate.

Within the limits of an article of this kind it is scarcely possible to include all the good and most desirable things in the fruit and vegetable garden, but I must conclude with a mention of the Climbing French bean *Bonne Bouche*; it excels all other French beans, dwarf or runner, in tenderness and rich fullness of flavour. Picked young and cooked whole it literally melts in the mouth, and those who have once grown it and enjoyed it will scarcely fail to make an annual sowing of it.

SOUTH SAXON.

GIVE
IT 'EM
HOT

THE CARVER'S GREATEST TEST

ON the dish there is probably a subject of unfamiliar size and shape, and round the table a company larger than usual and including some so youthful, openly observant and so nearly related as to be without inhibitions about the utterance of devastating criticisms. Thus, in most households, Christmas is the greatest test of the year for the carver. On this day his skill is proved on his clumsiness ignominiously displayed. Alas! in times when neither husband nor wife regards carving as a necessary accomplishment the sign "Mangling done here" might properly be hung at the head of many tables, for failure in the homely annual examination is a foregone conclusion.

Of old, even those who ate the lotus or worked only with their brains were expected to have some dexterity of hand and wrist, as well as a working knowledge of anatomy. Every gentleman was able skilfully to cut up a turkey, unbrace mallards, wing partridges and allay pheasants or teal. Nor were gentlemen only thus capable: the suggestion that the woman who carves wears the breeches is either quite modern or it failed in the past to deter ladies from wielding the knife.

A handbook of carving published in 1867 observes:

Though in the present day no lady would be permitted to perform the heavier duties of carving for a large company unassisted, yet it is by no means inconsistent with the character of a well-bred woman to understand, and occasionally to practise, the duty.

At an earlier date women sometimes assumed the full burden of carving for a numerous and distinguished company. Some patronised carving masters, and Lady Mary Montagu has been

described as typical in taking three lessons a week—

that she might be perfect on her father's public days, when, in order to perform her functions without interruptions, she was forced to eat her own dinner an hour or two beforehand. Yet earlier still, Ela, Countess of Warwick, held the manor of Hoke-Norton in Oxfordshire "of our Lord the King in Capite, by the Serjeanty of carving before the Lord our King on Christmas Day, and to have the Knife of our Lord the King with which she carved." To carve before the King and a large and noble gathering required not only dexterity of hand and wrist but also exhaustive knowledge of rules of precedence and the rigid etiquette of the time, which decreed, for example, that a pig must be served whole, plain or sliced according to the rank of the host, and a pike likewise appeared whole for a lord but broken for a commoner. The carver had also to exercise a nice tact in distributing the dish, so that the most important persons had the best, yet the less important were kept happy, "for ladies will be soon angry and their thoughts soon changed, and some lords are soon pleased and some not as they be of complexion."

The importance of carving was such that a *Boke of Keruyng* is among the first of all printed volumes. It came in 1513 from the press of Wynken de Worde. At this time a knowledge of the correct terms was naturally a pre-requisite, and that particular formality evidently survived in some quarters until the eighteenth century, since a writer of the Georgian era laments:

How all must regret to hear some Persons, even of quality, say "Pray cut up that Chicken or Hen," or "Halve that Plover"; not considering how indiscreetly they talk, when the proper terms are, "break that Goose," "thrust that Chicken,"

"spoil that Hen," "pierce that Plover"! . . . If they are so much out in common Things, how much more would they be with herons, cranes and peacocks?

The deplorably ignorant should, of course, have known that herons were dismembered, cranes displayed and peacocks disfigured. At the same period bitterns were disjointed, bustards were cut up, swans were lifted, pigeons and woodcocks were thighted, hares and rabbits were unlaced and deer were broken.

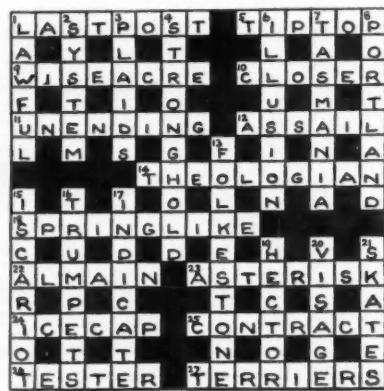
Nor was the ritual of right words confined to fowl and game. The chief fish were all appropriately honoured: the carver had to tranch a sturgeon, undertranch a porpoise (then counted as fish), chine a salmon, culpon a trout, barb a lobster, tame a crab, fin a chub, tus a barbel, string a lamprey and transon an eel. Even pasties were bordered and eggs were tis.

For the passing of the special jargon no one will spare a tear, but the decline in skill and the lack of percipience among modern carvers is to be regretted: too often beef is sliced as though it were mutton. Judged on the purely practical grounds of economy, good carving is important, for a bird or joint yields far more "portions" to a masterly and truly artful knife—and this without any dinar feeling that he or she has been meanly treated—"when as the disorderly mangling of a Joynt or Dish of good meat, is not only an unthrifty wasting of it, but sometimes the cause of loathing, to a curious Observer or a weak stomach."

Thus declared a writer of 1693. In the great restaurants and hotels of to-day a fine carver must be of considerable value. Indeed, even a century ago a certain master-carver in the Vauxhall Gardens had the reputation of using his knife to the effect that every ham yielded 24 pounds sterling. J. W.

SOLUTION to No. 617

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 21, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

- Husband to a royal confectioner (three words, 4, 2, 6)
- Novelist's minor achievement? (9)
- "The tree of Liberty only grows when watered by the — of tyrants."—Speech in the Convention 1792 (5)
- Obtain (6)
- W. B. Yeats wrote of more than one at Coole (two words, 4, 4)
- Colour an abandoned sailor might turn (6)
- Lively dances (8)
- It's deeds that count here! (8)
- A sweet little one keeps watch on Jack (6)
- Logs rise to become more shiny (8)
- Servant to Petruchio (6)
- Writer's instrument in an outsize holder (5)
- Missishen (9)
- It's just about ABC to you! (12)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 618

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 618, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, December 4, 1941.**

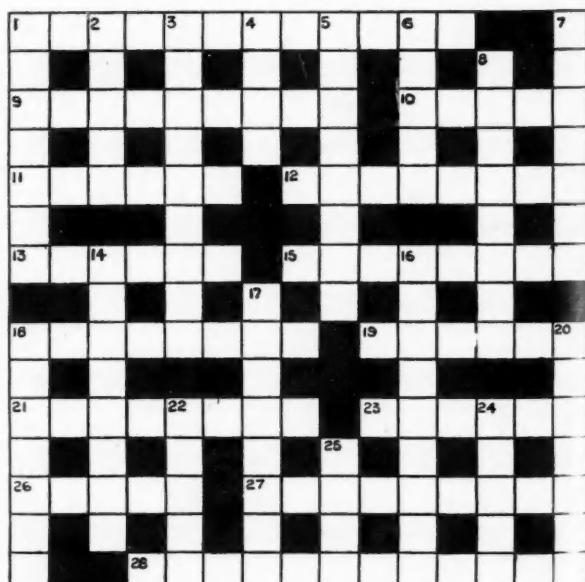
The winner of

Crossword No. 616 is
Mrs. G. A. Bateman,
Muiredge, Bo'ness
W. Lothian

DOWN.

- That ruled over by 1 across beats in all men (7)
- At no time (5)
- What Lethe's waters make its drinkers (9)
- Shows a strong dislike for headgear in the east (4)
- "Rain came" (anagr.) (8)
- Pepys's favourite valediction (two words, 2, 3)
- Do they swarm in Russia? (two words, 3, 4)
- Avoid getting into it except in the bathroom (two words, 3, 5)
- Looks like supply depots for the Sapper (8)
- Right or left, the boot may be there (two words, 5, 4)
- Author of *Modern Love* (8)
- A flower for Sirius in the ascendant (7)
- He got a king for a mere song (7)
- The lass comes up to get round me (5)
- Mock (5)
- It has members, of course, beginning with a hundred and fifty (4)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 618



Name

Address

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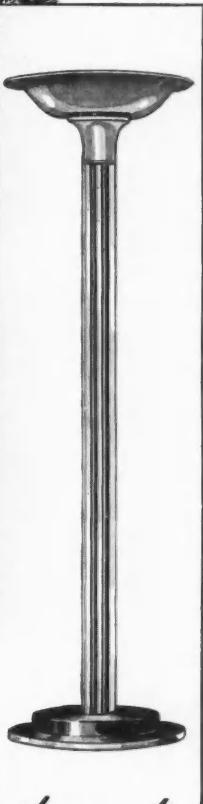
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THE ESTATE MARKET

FARM TENURE AND SPECULATION

LEGISLATION is promised in response to the demand by certain Members of Parliament for precautions against speculative purchases of farms, the remedy lying in the prevention of notices to quit in the case of any agricultural land sold or contracted to be sold since the outbreak of war, such notices operating after the end of this year to be invalid, unless expressly sanctioned by the Minister of Agriculture or the appropriate Scottish authority. It is expected that this will obstruct the oppressive policy of some speculators in land (we do not believe that there are many, notwithstanding the recent outcry) who were buying with the intention of forcing the sitting tenant to buy at a higher price or to quit. There is little to add at the moment to the remarks recently made in *The Estate Market* page of COUNTRY LIFE on the general question of alleged speculative dealing in land. Clearly, it is not the aim of the Government to offer the least impediment to *bona fide* investment in farms.

RE-SALE OF HAMPSHIRE LAND

THE recent purchase, by a company, of the West Park estate, near Fordingbridge, has been followed by a decision to part with practically all the premises in the village of Damerham, and land at Lopshall and Sandel Heath. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, and the firm that acted with them in the purchase, are to offer the various lots at an auction at Salisbury, in the near future.

Hampshire farms that have just changed ownership include Well Manor, 290 acres; and a corn and stock farm just over a square mile in extent; also Manor Farm, 700 acres, and most of the village of Upton Grey.

£20,000 FOR HOUSES

BOURNEMOUTH houses in various parts of the borough have been recently sold for roundly £20,000, by Messrs. Fox and Sons, who have also disposed of a freehold ground rent on a block of shops and flats called Salterns Court, Lilliput, Parkstone. The ground rent is of £350 a year, with reversion in approximately 92 years, and the present rack rentals amount to about £1,350 a year. The price realised for the ground rent was within a few pounds of £7,000.

Mrs. N. C. Tufnell's Sunninghill agency's recent sales include a Windlesham freehold of 5 acres, with the modern residence known as Balnacoil. Mrs. Tufnell says that it is practically impossible for would-be buyers to get anything in that district to-day, and that there is intense competition for any house possession of which can be obtained within a few months from the date of purchase.

LORD SALTOUN'S SCOTTISH ACQUISITION

LORD SALTOUN has bought Rothiemay, Banffshire, from Lieutenant-Colonel Ian Forbes. King David II granted the estate to ancestors of Lord Saltoun in the year 1345, and the family retained possession of it until early in the seventeenth century. Lord Saltoun has granted to the vendor a lease for life of the castle and appurtenant property.

A LULL IN AUCTIONS

IN pre-war years it was customary for the larger auctions to close early in December, although a few agents held them right up to Christmas week. This year, with little or no abatement of the characteristic difficulties of the period, business under the hammer has fallen to a low ebb even for what is generally a slack time. Explanation of the decline in sales is partly to be found in their nature, namely, that the mainly marketable properties are rural, first and foremost farms, and then country residential lots, mostly houses with a few acres on the outskirts of large centres of population. A preliminary of such offers, necessary alike for vendors and purchasers, is the careful inspection of the hereditaments, and this involves journeys and a certain amount of outdoor work. Chief among the obstacles to the requisite travelling is the restriction, becoming more acute week by week, of the supply of petrol.

OBSTACLES TO WINTER WORK

ANOTHER factor against holding any auction that can conveniently be deferred is that, at this time of the year, properties are not looking

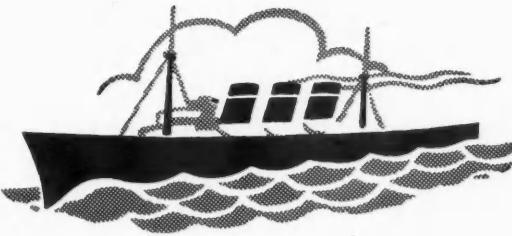
their best. The most adroit and artistic photographer may find it quite a problem to make an attractive picture when gardens are bare and the trees are leafless. Possibly, even, he may find a foot of snow when he wants to work, and, although a snow scene seems the conventional need in Christmas cards, it is not a desirable feature of a property photograph. It will not be wondered at that emphasis is laid on the pictorial preparation for a sale, since, without a good picture, preferably half a dozen pictures, the average announcement, and still more the average particular of sale, is soon of much of its appeal. Speaking of pictures (in the presentation of which as regards real estate COUNTRY LIFE was a pioneer and still enjoys undisputed pre-eminence), it may be remarked that the firms which have the reputation for effecting the largest number of sales are those that, from the introduction of artistic aids, have made a point of illustrating their announcements.

A HASTY BID

APROPOS of incidents connected with auctions we recall a great "break-up" auction at Henley-on-Thames, by Sir Anker Simmons. Farms of extraordinary value were on offer, as part of one of the largest landed estates of that time, on the Chiltern Hills. The morning session of the auction had been marked by steady buying on the part of a well-known manufacturer. His representative proved to be the highest bidder again and again. Luncheon intervened, and Sir Anker Simmons (Mr. Simmons as he then was) got to work punctually at two o'clock for the afternoon session. The first farm put up evoked fairly good offers, and it was all but knocked down, when the manufacturer's agent arrived back in the room. "What's the lot?" he shouted, and being told, without enquiry about the then state of the biddings, he sprang £1,500 and got the holding, as indeed he ought to have done, judging from the likelihood that otherwise another hundred pounds on the bid at the moment he entered the room would have seen a sale. The explanation was that he had his order to buy and that he bought, though his leisurely lunch involved the payment of much more than need have been paid.

ARBITER.

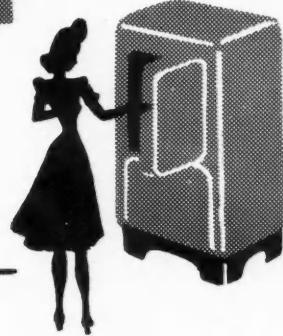
Quantities, owing to the shortage of important ingredients, are somewhat limited, but are being distributed equitably throughout the country. The public can obtain supplies only through retail shops and stores.



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once thrown away...



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FARMING NOTES

THE FARM WORKER'S WAGES

LET me quote the view expressed by one of the shrewdest East Anglian farmers I know. All the wrangle over the new national minimum wage for farm workers will avail agriculture little in a year's time. Whether the new minimum was fixed at 56s. or 60s. a week did not really matter a straw. All other wages will very soon be adjusted to this basic level and in 12 months' time the farm worker will find himself no better off and no worse off than he is to-day compared with other people. He thinks it a great pity that so many farmers have talked loudly about the benefit of fixing a national minimum of £3 when they could not possibly know the likely repercussions. Every sensible man in the country wants to avoid inflation. A certain degree of this is probably inevitable, but it can be kept in bounds if the agricultural wage and other wages are not allowed to rocket without limit. But, as this East Anglian farmer said, farmers and farm workers cannot be expected to know about these things, and if the Government will not make a clear pronouncement, every industry, agriculture included, will try to get the best terms it can, even if the wage increases in total lead on to inflation.

FOR myself I really believe that the farm workers in my part of the country would be quite satisfied with a minimum wage of 52s. or 54s. a week provided that other workers living in the village earned very much the same wage. The trouble is caused by youths and old-age pensioners being able to go to the landing-ground near by, which contractors are making for the Air Ministry, and earn 1s. 8d. an hour with generous overtime which brings their weekly earnings up to £4 and even £6 a week. The Government really have only themselves to blame for this trouble over agricultural wages. If they took a firm hand with their contractors and insisted on wage rates being pegged for these constructional jobs to no higher

rates than the farm worker can earn, there would be no trouble.

THE Inland Revenue people are getting very insistent about farmers making returns of the wages earned by their men during the six months ending October 5. The local inspector has sent me no fewer than three reminders already. His form must wait its turn with the many others that come in from other Government departments. The spate of official paper does not abate despite Lord Beaverbrook's appeal for waste paper. We cannot all afford to employ a secretary-accountant installed in a farm office, and filling in forms is a job that must wait when there is urgent work to be seen to on the land. Now that the evenings are longer the farmer has more time indoors, and I, for one, am beginning to catch up with this paper work. But it is a tedious, and one feels rather futile, job in many cases. I have already pleaded in these notes for someone in authority to take a hand in restricting the number of forms sent out to farmers.

SMALL pigs are selling more cheaply than for many months past. My neighbour sent a nice litter of eight-weeks-old pigs to market last week and got only 27s. apiece for them. A few months ago they would have been worth at least 50s. What is happening? Judging by the growth of the pig-club movement one would imagine that there was still an increasing demand for young pigs and no doubt this outlet is still active. But the farmer and small-holder are reducing their pigs. Several breeders I know are getting rid of more of their breeding sows because of the greater difficulties they now find in obtaining feeding-stuffs of the right kind. The official rations for pigs as well as poultry have been cut to one-sixth of the pre-war quantity. The pig needs barley meal or middlings, even if a generous allowance of swill is being fed. It is the provision of this meal

that farmers are finding difficult. Comparatively few who have grown barley are prepared to spare much of the crop for grinding and feeding to pigs. The great majority of farmers do not grow barley at all. Those who have grown more oats than they need for feeding to cattle and horses can sell the surplus and get cereal coupons in exchange which will enable them to buy barley meal or middlings, and the farmer who has grown a large acreage of wheat may be able to get some coupons from the county wheat-growers' reserve. But it is not easy for everyone to get enough meal to carry on their pigs. It is a pity that they should not be able to do so because most farmers will have this season a quantity of chat potatoes which can very usefully be fed to older pigs. The difficulty is to get the right foods to rear the pigs from weaning to, say, four months old, when they can make good use of potatoes, swill and other roughage. We ought to maintain the present number of pigs in the country. There has been a heavy enough cut already. It is worth consideration whether some allowance of cereal coupons might not be provided for farmers with young pigs on the same basis as the calf rations.

THE big question looming ahead in the development of the food-production campaign is the maintenance of livestock on farms. This is becoming an essential matter, not only from the point of view of meat production and for the maintenance of the meat ration, but also from the standpoint of soil fertility. Every cattle yard ought to be full this winter so that the extra straw that has been grown shall be trodden into muck which can go out on to the arable land to build up fertility for future crops. A great many farmers are much worried because their yards are still empty. They cannot get hold of store cattle. Some have been buying stores, but the price has been enough to frighten off all but the man with a long purse who will be paying excess profits tax. CINCINNATUS.

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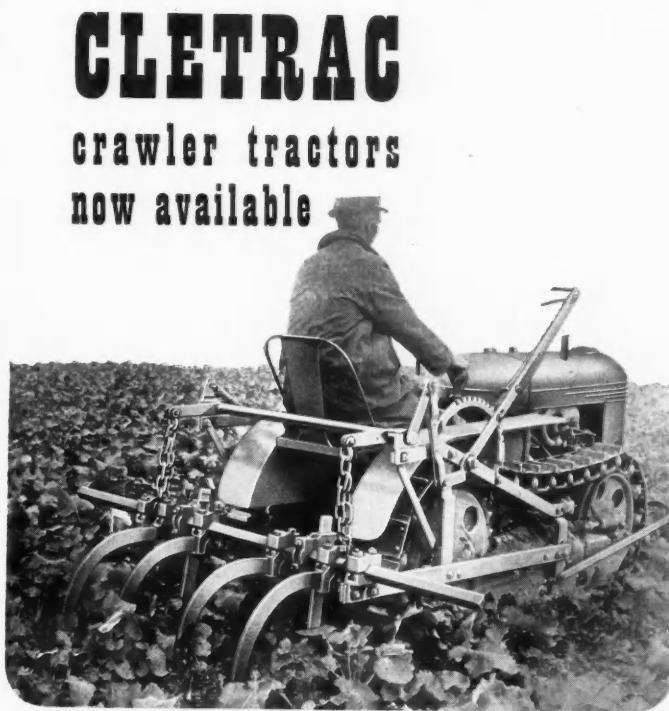
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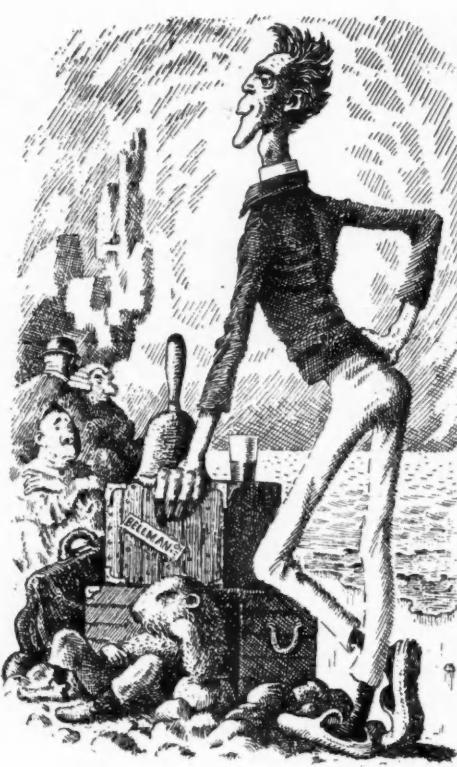
One of the world's best books about a child. Comparable with Walter de la Mare's *Memoirs of a Midget*. Illus. 6/-

ROBERT HALE

GIFT BOOKS of 1941

Reviewed by
HOWARD SPRING

An illustration from
The Hunting of the Snark



In the book business, "gift book" is a well-understood term, a somewhat fat and opulent term, denoting a fat and opulent volume, got up "regardless." It is a term which I propose in this present article to ignore, taking what I think is the more common-sense view that a gift book is a book which one gives, and that the book given must depend on one's purse and one's knowledge of a friend's taste, rather than on perishable paper clamped in the embrace of gilded morocco.

Look now at these little things called the Zodiac Books, for which Messrs. Chatto and Windus charge but 1s. They contain about 50 pages each. Love rather than expense has gone to the making of the covers, each of which is individually and charmingly designed. They are good bedside books. One doesn't want anything immense at the bedside. The moment between waking and sleeping is hardly one for Gibbon or Lecky; but perfectly the one for any of these four volumes. There is *Cavalier Lyrics*, with other seventeenth century love-poems; just the thing if you want that old faded *politesse* about Julias, Celia and Chloes. There is a delicious *Country Zodiac*—poetry and prose from many pens, with some of Bewick's woodcuts for illustration; there is the complete text of the morality play *Everyman*; and there is *The Hunting of the Snark*. This, to me, was a great "find," because here this classic absurdity of Carroll's has its perfect illustrator. I will confess—"with shame" if you like—that I had never heard of Mervyn Peake; but these pictures of his, if I am any judge, more accurately enter into and expound the queer stuff of this poem than Tenniel succeeded in doing with *Alice in Wonderland*. Here then, to begin with, are four gift books that the giver of taste need not hesitate about.

DRAWINGS OF BRITAIN

Price has nothing to do with the virtue of a gift, so let us go on at once to a book on the expensive side—not expensive "for what it is" as they say; and, goodness knows, it is value for money. Permanent value, even financially, for I would not be surprised if collectors a long time hence sought this book of Feliks

Topolski's drawings called *Britain in Peace and War* (Methuen, 18s.).

I do not know whether it is necessary at this time of day to say anything about Feliks Topolski. He is a young Pole who came to England some time before the war, found in the pageantry of its uniformed and social occasions perfect themes for his pencil, and went on, when war came, to show that the deep roots of life, no less than its polished patina, could count on him as a recorder and interpreter of almost frightening veracity.

FINE ILLUSTRATIONS

Looking at this series of drawings—Ascot, Epsom, the ceremonial side of military life, the pre-war urbanity of Mayfair, passing on to the dark figures running against sheets of flame, the recumbent weary troglodytes of the shelters, the harsh utilitarian uniforms made by machines rather than milliners, one does not cease to marvel that the hand which portrayed the upright tree and the branches in the sunlight and the birds and butterflies sporting under a blue sky can also so powerfully render the writhing roots and the subterranean interstices of darkness whence all the living beauty sprang. The book is a great and moving comment upon this present hour.

I always think of Agnes Miller Parker as one of the finest of our contemporary woodcutters, and her work is one of the things that make *treasurable The Saturday Book* (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). This is a book in every sense of the word up to the standards of pre-war book production. It is handsome without and varied and entertaining within. There is something for all tastes. Mr. Philip Guedalla ironically outlines a tragedy in *The Education of Neville Chamberlain*. Mr. H. E. Bates gives us both fiction and essay; there are poems, humorous writings, literary studies, a survey of the career of "Punch," and, under the title *An Anthology of Insult*, a gorgeous collection of vituperation and abuse, got together by the editor, Mr. Leonard Russell. Mr. Russell is to be congratulated both on this and on the whole book which has come into being under his care. He promises us a second instalment for the Christmas of 1942. May his optimism be justified!

Life on the Land

BY FRED KITCHEN



A chronicle of the farming year, by the farm labourer who wrote *Brother to the Ox*. Superbly illustrated with numerous woodcuts by Frank Ormrod. A big, handsome book: pre-war value in design and materials—the perfect gift for country lovers. 12/6

Robert Lynd

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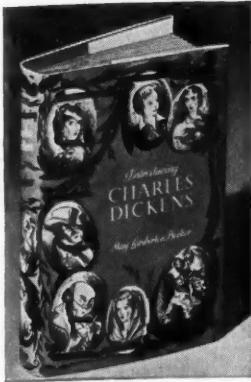
Squirrels

A SQUIRREL CALLED RUFUS, by Richard Church, illustrated in colour by John Skeaping. The animal story for children of 1941. Quarto. 7/6

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LITTLE CHILDREN, a lovely gallery of baby photographs by Harold Burdekin, with an inspiring verse anthology. Quarto. 6/-

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ELEANOR PAINTER

The story of Clara and Robert Schumann, and their fight for happiness against a tyrannical, possessive father. 9/- net

Messrs. Faber's "Sesame Books" are always good value at 3s. 6d. each. Two new ones are to hand: *The Picnic and Other Stories* by Walter de la Mare; and *As the Sun Shines*, by Henry Williamson. Both these writers have produced a good many books in their time, and the present volumes are the cream skimmed from all of them. Nothing new; but a wise selection from among the best of the old; so, if you know a de la Mare or Williamson fancier, be sure that here is the Christmas gift to send him.

HEAD OR HEART

In my own mind I divide essayists into essayists of the head and essayists of the heart, with Montaigne paramount in the one class and Charles Lamb in the other. Mr. Robert Lynd is one of the essayists of the heart, and, within this category, he has had few betters in the past and has no equals to-day. His output of essays is enormous, for the simple reason that his interest in the quirks and idiosyncrasies of human conduct has not to be pumped up to meet an occasion but is always at bubbling point. His new volume *Life's Little Oddities* (Dent, 7s. 6d.), most happily illustrated by Steven Spurrier, contains work as good as any other he has ever written. Whether he is defending the made-up tie, speculating upon the significance of Hess's chicken, or considering the enormity of bores, he makes us realise how untrue is one of his own remarks: "Good things end by boring us." No, no, Mr. Lynd. Not when they're as good as this.

Two books on the same subject have just come my way: *Over Welsh Hills*, by F. S. Smythe (A. and C. Black, 12s. 6d.), and *Snowdonia Through the Lens*, by W. A. Poucher (Chapman and Hall, 18s.). Both should have a general appeal. Photographers will want them for the technical information they give about the pictures—how and when they were taken, with precise photographic detail. Climbers will value the opportunity to share vicariously the ardours of these two intrepid scramblers about the hills; and anyone with an eye for a picture will linger over these lovely scenes: rock and flood, snowy defile and wooded lake. I should not like to put to the touch of commanding one as against the other. Each has its own excellence. Mr. Smythe, I think, carries it off so far as the writing goes, but I preferred Mr. Poucher's pictures.

Just as many people will want these two books for their pictures alone, so many will want Harold Burdekin's *Little Children* (Dent, 6s.). Those who know Mr. Burdekin's other book, *A Child's Grace*, will know what to expect. The book is made up of a series of pictures of children. When you open it, there is a picture on the right-hand page, and on the left a few

lines to give the subject point—for example, loveliest of all the lines quoted here, W. B. Yeats's exquisite words:

We must be tender to all budding things.
Our Maker let no thought of Calvary
Trouble the morning stars in their first song.

On such a simple fashion the book is built up, and beautiful in its effect this simplicity turns out to be.

Those who love the country scene should not overlook Edith Olivier's *Country Moods and Tenses* (Batsford, 8s. 6d.). Miss Olivier is Mayor of Wilton, a borough which occupies a square mile of English land and is "older than the Kingdom of England, of which it proudly considers itself the parent." It is difficult to imagine anyone in a more perfect stance for making the survey which is made here; and it is not much easier to imagine anyone making it more effectively. The past comes into it, but primarily this is a record of life as it is lived in a small country town in this present time. It is written from the point of view of one who believes in the virtue of the small community and who has spent a lifetime in the service of her beliefs. There are many excellent illustrations and a "jacket" of Rex Whistler's best.

Mr. C. Day Lewis and Mr. L. A. G. Strong have collaborated in assembling *A New Anthology of Modern Verse* (Methuen, 6s.). It is a complement to Sir A. Methuen's *Anthology of Modern Verse*, carrying on where that book left off, and covering the years between the two wars. The compilers have been wide in their choice, not hide-bound with predilection for this "school" or that. We have the "moderns"—both what we may call the moderately modern and the frank revolutionaries—but a fair show is given also to the old stagers who used to be all the go during the last war, their spiritual home the "Georgian Poetry Books."

FOR YOUNG AND OLDER

Miss Edith Sitwell has collected an anthology, too: *Look! the Sun* (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.). It is intended primarily for children and is rich in old nursery rhymes and lullabies, but grown-ups will find delight in it, I am sure. From the very simple, it rides over into Rimbaud, Keats, Swinburne and many others, so that a child who grows up with this book should bless the hand that dowered him with it.

The Family Week-end Book, which

Beryl Irving has compiled (Seeley Service, 8s. 6d.) is one of those omnibus volumes which teach you how to

make onion soup, rag mats, cocktails and poultices, how to amuse the

children on a wet day, what to read,

how to exercise yourself, how to



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address a duke and how not to address the cook. A good "week-end game" would be finding something that is not in the *Week-end Book*.

Two books which have been written for children, but which I commend to anybody, are published by the Cambridge University Press at 6s. each: *The Seasons and the Fisherman*, by F. Fraser Darling; and *The Seasons and the Woodman*, by D. H. Chapman. Each is authoritative on its subject and excellently written, and has the added joy of numerous pictures by C. F. Tunnicliffe.

SHINING HOURS

By V. H. Friedlaender

THINK of a number of familiar quotations. Double them. Add any number you like to them. And still it is extremely doubtful whether you will be able, even once, to catch out the compilers of *The Oxford Dictionary of Quotations* (Oxford University Press, 25s.) in the fulfilment of their purpose, which has been to collect all "familiar" quotations . . . popularity and not merit being the password to inclusion."

What an enchanting Leviathan of a book they have produced; what a beguiler of leisure hours that aren't, in war-time, there; what an inciter to the sin of pride if you possess it, the sin of envy if someone else does.

Where to begin, in enumerating its delights? But that job, at any rate, need not be considered; for Mr. Bernard Darwin has got in first. In a delightful Introduction, he snatches plum after plum from the watering mouths of subsequent reviewers, and extracts their last drop of lusciousness for himself: a characteristic performance in his best urbane manner.

Little remains for later comers beyond a chronicle of the awe-inspiring facts. The *Dictionary* is, beyond dispute, a book of reference; but how that dry-as-dust title is illumined by its golden contents. There is nothing academic about it all except its research and its accuracy; comic songs, back-chat, advertisements are all grist as easily absorbed by its mill as celestial poetry or eloquent prose. There are, of course, sections devoted to the Bible and Prayer Book; there are ballads, nursery rhymes, old *Punch* friends; there are foreign quotations from nine languages; there are Addenda—seven pages of agreeable proof that even compilers like these may almost be caught napping; and there is a delectably voluminous Index.

Since there is so boundlessly much to praise, and so little paper on which to do it, it may be best to concentrate on a few personal reactions of surprise, disappointment, or even venturesome disagreement.

For surprise—was it really necessary, despite Pétain's inglorious presence, to sacrifice the poetry of his "They shall not pass" to the pedantry of "They shall not get past"?

For disappointment—where is W. H. Davies's robin, the "little hunchback of the snow"? Is it really possible that he is not a "familiar" quotation"?

And for venturesome disagreement—well, what rebellious agony is ours on finding that the compilers of the *Dictionary* are at odds with us over the wording of Bossidy's Boston quatrain. They are only too certain to be right, we know; but how—momentarily—we hate them for it. And anyhow, right or wrong, wild tanks would never make us admit that their version—

Where the Lowells talk to the Cabots, And the Cabots talk only to God—is anything like as good as ours: Where Lowells talk only to Cabots, And Cabots talk only to God.

Such trifles, however, represent no more than a lover's delight as he traces not only the beauties but also the minute or fancied flaws on the face of the beloved.

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Our Prime Minister has repeatedly warned that the enemy may resume his attack on London at any moment. By our WAR RELIEF FUND we have helped—and are still helping—hundreds of bombed families. Will you help us to be ready to meet future emergencies? Second-hand clothing urgently needed. Please address: The Secretary for War Relief,

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These face our Merchant Seamen increasingly as the nights grow longer. They still perform their task steadfastly, bringing food and munitions to our shores. To them death often comes swiftly, making many widows, orphans and bereaved dependents. The SHIPWRECKED MARINERS' SOCIETY is always on the watch, ready to render assistance. Since the war began immediate Relief Grants have been given to thousands of dependents, and thousands of survivors from British, Allied and Neutral ships, sunk or damaged by enemy action, have been fed, clothed and housed, without delay at the Society's expense. Please send a contribution for this National Work to F. L. SIDEBOOTHAM, Secretary,

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**Suggestions for a
Happy War-time
Christmas**

By
**P. JOYCE
REYNOLDS**



Parties will be given for the children—and party frocks. The little girl at the top of the page wears a flowered organdie from Debenham and Freebody, ruffled and piped. Other organdies are tucked and ruffled, or dotted and smocked

Two styles in smocks are shown above. One in love-in-a-mist wool, very fine, is smocked to the waist, with white organdie collar, and comes from Fortnum and Mason. The blue shantung silk, from Liberty, has a narrow band of smocking and a collar edged with French knots

Christmas morning anticipated—one of Chilprufe's sleeping-suits, covering everything but the hands and face. Chilprufe are concentrating their whole quota on the children. Grown-ups, when existing supplies are exhausted, will have to wait until after the war

Animals made from scraps of material by Heal—brown plaid gingham dachshund with a rather lugubrious expression, and a scarlet "Scottie," both in strong cotton



Below—hat-making outfit, including five small hats and all kinds of trimming. The soft doll with a china face comes in a cotton dress that can be taken off, with a romper set as well.

Both from Harrods



START with a clean sheet, a new outlook, and forget all those present-lists that began with cigarettes and ended with chocolates all round. This is a Christmas of boundless possibilities, given imagination and skill in shopping. Shortage of supplies brings an element of excitement unknown in the good old days, and if coupons put out of action many staple Christmas gifts, they have brought compensation in novelties that require no coupons. There are torches made like soft fury animals that slip over the hand and have illuminated eyes that show one the way home, torches introduced into darning mushrooms for using in the shelter, chic pigskin torches matching handbags and umbrellas. Khaki skirt rugs at Debenham and Freebody's that fasten round the waist make splendid presents for ambulance drivers. Kent hair-brushes with wooden backs slip out for washing, and brushes with nine rows of bristles are set in a semicircle for brushing in the wave. The new plastic lighter issued by the Government will be in the shops for Christmas and costs 6s. 6d. Odd bits of material have been made up by Heal into smart gingham animals—dachshunds in brown plaid, dear little horses in strong brown cotton, "Scotties" in tough scarlet furnishing material. Marshall and Snelgrove show patchwork cushions in velvet and silk, gay and cheerful-looking. Harrods have masses of shopping baskets made from strips of felt, machine-made together, bright colours interspersed with black.

You can buy gift tokens in most of the shops, printed on forms that look like cheques. This token idea is a very good one for a friend in the Forces, who can get exactly what he wants on his next leave. Stocking tokens at Selfridges are a marvellous present, although they mean that coupons must be given up as well as the voucher. Mr. Raymond is printing tokens that enable the lucky people who receive them to have hair treatments, shampoos and sets to the value of the voucher any time during next year.

Perfumes and beauty preparations are definitely short on supply. You will need to be an experienced and lucky shopper to get a lipstick, and still luckier to receive one. Perfume is limited by the quota drastically. All the famous brands will be in the shops, but there will not

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- 4 'Mayfair Flower' Posy of
'Christmas Roses.' (No coupons) 9/6
- 5 'Imitation Pearl Necklets' of the finest
quality. Prices ranging from each 19/6
Necklet illustrated each 35/6
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- 6 The Fashionable Imitation Pearl Stud Earrings.
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- 7 Angora Scarf and Glove Set. A delightfully
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Dark Brown, and White. (2 coupons.) Set 27/6
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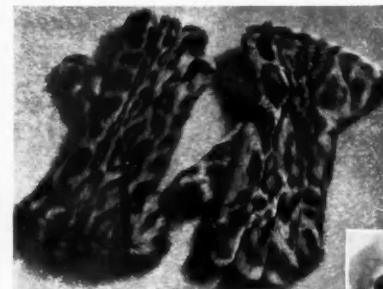
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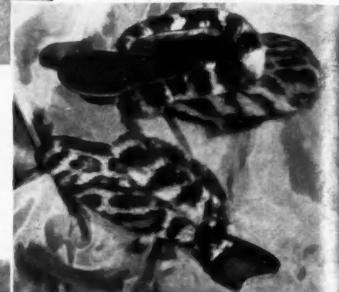
for the Grown-ups and the Home



Send your old furs to Molho, and he will make them into slippers, hats, gloves, muff bags. We show ocelot mules and gauntlets. Using customers' fur, slippers can be made for 1 guinea, and gloves for 1½ guineas, including all material but the fur. No coupons



The latest fashion is to pin tiny bunches of fruit in the buttonhole. Marshall and Snelgrove make them exquisitely, costing 6s. 6d. upwards. We show a few—mountain strawberries, hips and haws, minute oranges, lemons, and crab-apples.



Pastel linen early morning set, hand embroidered, a tray-cloth, tea-cosy and egg-cosy in a gift box. Gorringes have a large selection of these, costing 12s. 9d. and 18s. 9d. The trolley set, also fine pastel linen and hand embroidered, comprises two cloths and four napkins; costs 12s. 6d. plus postage



be enough to go round, so it is advisable to put names on the rota as early as possible. Charming little sachets of potpourri, made in the shape of hearts, easy to slip into a letter, are being sold by Debenham and Freebody for four and five shillings. Constance Spry is making herb pillows and doing up sets of unusual vegetable seeds into gift packs. Debenham and Freebody have rolls to slip one's jewellery into, and handsome wooden hair brushes for the military from 5s. 6d. a pair. The posies of fruit, wild strawberries, crab-apples, tiny oranges for the lapel of a suit, exquisitely made by Marshall and Snelgrove, are the latest fashion craze. Gorringes have a large selection of foot-muffs in sheepskin, suede, leather, and fur, all selling at 1 guinea; also pastel floral rayon damask sets, the cloth 54ins. square and four matching napkins, for 2 guineas.

EVERYBODY will buy for the children, and the toy departments of the big stores look gay and Christmassy. There are charming dolls at Harrods with checked gingham bonnets and dresses, a good supply of sets for trimming hats, making or embroidering mats, etc., plenty of pretty work-baskets, a good supply of dolls' cots, chemical sets for schoolboys, and pulling toys for babies. Ranches are the new version of the farmyard; model aerodromes and hangars have "wings" of R.A.F. that can be bought separately.

Party frocks for children mean, very often, a smock. Jaegers are making thin dotted woollens with narrow bands of bright smocking, which look like peasant embroidery. A white dotted in navy will have three bands of bright green smocking, one at the waist, the other two higher. Pastel woollens are smocked solid to the waist, and have white organdie collars. Dotted muslins are smocked in the colour of the dot, mostly scarlet and white. For older girls, Debenham and Freebody show velveteen dresses smocked at the neck and waist in narrow bands. The colours are bright, coral red, jade green, sapphire. Walpoles make floral delaine smocks for two-year-olds.

Fine thin woollen frocks for the grown-ups are in soft, bright colours, lacquer reds, turquoise blue, maize yellow, violet, begonia pinks, sapphire blue. Mostly they are embroidered round the neck. Skirts are sheath-like, belts are inset to mould to the waist, often embroidered to match the necklace. Pastel chiffons have full, plain sleeves and collars and cuffs of sequins or tiny beads. Knitted evening sweaters in some of the many boucle rayons on the market are very fashionable, and generally have a touch of sparkling embroidery at the neck.

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